THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18 1890. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 28

ANOTHER DAY.

BY THOS. CARLYLE.

Lo here hath been dawning another blue day;
Think, will thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day is born;
Into eternity at night will return.

Behold it aforetime no eyes ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid,
Here hath been dawning another blue day;
Think, will thou let it slip useless away?

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID." "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE dinner was served on the oval table, and the little party—which would have seemed cold and formal in the larger apartment, with its huge table and splended furniture—was made to appear pleasant and homelike.

Spenser Churchill and Lady Despard did all the talking for some time, and Percy Levant only joined in occasionally; but his silence was perfectly self-possessed, and without a touch of the *gaucherie* or awkwardness and want of breeding Lady Despard had so much dreaded.

Every now and then he let his splendid eyes wander to the lovely face beside her, and each time amazement overwhelmed him, although he sat apparently so calm. This exquisite creature had been sold to him by Spenser Churchill! This lovely woman to be his wife. He caught himself once or twice looking round the room with a close scrutiny, as if to convince himself that he was awake and not dreaming. But he could not sit there silent all through the dinner, and at last he forced himself to address her.

It was only some trivial remark about the weather, but it seemed to him that his voice trembled with emotion with which his heart literally throbbed.

Doris responded in her soft, quiet voice, and the sound of it somehow lulled the storm within him and gave him confidence. He found himself talking to her more freely, and each moment the spell her unexpected beauty and grace had cast upon him grew stronger. To listen to a commonplace from Doris was delightful enough, but she could talk something better than commonplace; and Percy Levant, the adventurer, the man who "knew the world," was again startled to find that Mr. Spenser Churchill's ward was young as she looked, well read in subjects of which most women were utterly and sublimely ignorant. And yet she talked so modestly, so diffidently that her knowledge was an added charm.

He started when Lady Despard, rising, said—

"The butler knows the claret you like, Mr. Churchill; I shall leave you to his tender mercies. Mr. Levant, we will have some tea for you when you come into the drawing room, so don't expect any to be sent in."

He opened the door for them, and then sank into his chair, and let his head fall upon his bosom, his lips tightly compressed.

Spenser Churchill filled his glass and remained silent until the butler had left the room, then he said with a smile—

"Well, my dear Percy, what do you think of my dear young ward?"

Percy Levant raised his head and looked at him with a curious expression.

"Give me some wine," he said; then, after he had drank a glass, he demanded, almost sternly, "Why did you not tell me?"

"Tell you what?" asked Mr. Spenser Churchill with a chuckle. "I told you she was a charming young lady——"

"And you wished me to think that you lied in saying so," retorted the other. "Why did you not tell me that she was as beautiful as—she is?"

Spenser Churchill chuckled again.

"My dear Percy, I thought that a little surprise would not come amiss. If I had told you that she was pretty——".

"Pretty!"

"—Well, beautiful—lovely,—you would not have believed me!"

"No, I should not," he said curtly. "Don't say any more. I want to think! Great Heaven, she is like a dream! Stop! Don't talk, I say; I'm not equal to any of your smooth platitudes at present. Let me be in peace!"

Mr. Spenser Churchill laughed softly.

"Certainly, certainly, my dear Percy," he said. "Yes, I can understand your astonishment. This claret is very fine——"

"No more!" said Percy, rising and taking a step or two across the room, with his arms behind him, his head bent upon his breast again. "Let us go to them."

"I'm quite ready," said Spenser Churchill, smiling with intense enjoyment.

They went into the drawing room. Lady Despard was turning over the music, Doris was seated at the tea-table.

"I am trying to find something for you to play, Mr. Levant," she said. "We are so eager to hear you play, Miss Marlowe and I."

He bowed, and his glance sought Doris's; but she only smiled.

"Will you not play or sing?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said; "I should be afraid."

"Of me? It is I who should fear, for I know from your conversation that I shall have a musician for a critic"

"No," she said quietly; "I am not a musician. You will have some tea presently?" and she raised her eyes to his with the calm politeness of perfect self-possession and good breeding.

Percy Levant bowed and went to the piano, and Mr. Spenser Churchill walked across the drawing room and took a seat immediately beside Doris.

"I hope you like my young friend?" he said in his softest voice, and glancing affectionately towards him as he stood by the piano talking to Lady Despard.

"I have seen so little of him," said Doris, "but he is very agreeable."

"Yes. Ah, my poor Percy!" he sighed. "Poor boy! He has suffered so much—so much! There should be sympathy between you two, my dear young lady, for he has known what it is to lose his dearest. I should move your heart if I were to tell you what sorrow and trouble have fallen to my poor young friend's lot, and win your admiration and esteem for him if I recounted the many difficulties he has had to encounter. It has been a hard world for him, a hard life, poor fellow! I do so hope you and Lady Despard will like him."

Doris remained silent, but the softly-spoken words had something of the effect their speaker intended, and she looked towards the young man with increased interest.

"I think, with the exception of myself, he has scarcely a friend in the wide world," said Spenser Churchill, sipping his tea and sighing. "I am counting so much on your and Lady Despard's sympathy, my dear Miss Marlowe! A word of encouragement from such kind hearts as yours will go far to console him for the cruel disappointments he has endured. Ah! he is going to sing, I see! Now you will see if I spoke too highly of his voice and abilities."

Percy Levant was certainly going to sing, but he seemed somehow loth to begin. For a few minutes his fingers strayed over the keys irresolutely, then he struck a chord and commenced.

He had chosen not an elaborate specimen of the flowery school, but a simple Brittany ballad, and he sang it exquisitely. Doris, as she listened to the long drawn notes that seemed to float on eider wings through the room, felt a singular sensation at her heart.

It was as if this stranger had defined the trouble of her young life, and had put it into music! With tightly compressed lips she sat fighting back the tears that threatened to flood her eyes, her hands closely clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on the ground, unconscious that Mr. Spenser Churchill's eyes were covertly fixed on her with a keen watchfulness.

The last notes of the song died away, and Lady Despard's soft, languid voice poured out her praise.

"Oh, but that is very, very beautiful, Mr. Levant; and you have a lovely voice! How kind of you to come and sing to us! And I am so grateful to Mr. Churchill for bringing you! You must sing again, must he not, Doris?"

He had risen and bowed to Lady Despard, but his dark eyes looked beyond her, and sought Doris's face.

Her lips trembled, but she forced a smile; taking it as a request, he returned to the piano and sang again.

Lady Despard was in raptures, but he prevented her asking for another song by going across to Doris.

"Lady Despard will not play; will you?" he said. "You are not afraid now?"

"Yes, more than afraid," she said, with a smile.

"Will you sing with me? Here is a duet!" he said quietly, his eyes downcast.

"Do, dear!" said Lady Despard. "Miss Marlowe sings like a professional, Mr. Levant."

Doris rose reluctantly, and he led her to the piano.

Mr. Spenser went and sat beside Lady Despard, and began to talk to her in an earnest but softly persuasive tone. The two voices at the piano rose and fell in harmony, and seemed to act as an accompaniment to his.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Lady Despard. "Their singing together is simply delicious!"

"And if your ladyship assents to my proposal, they can sing together as often as you please!" he murmured insinuatingly.

She laughed and nodded.

"That's true! Oh, yes, as you like. I'm sure he is most interesting, and such a perfect gentleman!"

"Ah! yes," said Mr. Spenser Churchill: "I would not have brought him to you if he had been anything less. And it is settled, then?"

"Yes," nodded her ladyship.

He rose at once and looked at his watch.

"I will make all arrangements," he said, in a low voice. "Say nothing to him to-night."

The two men said good-night, and Percy Levant found himself outside, his brain in a whirl, his heart beating wildly.

"Well, may one ask your highness what you think of my ward now?" said Spenser Churchill softly.

Percy Levant thrust his hands in his pockets.

"Has she been ill, or is it trouble that makes her look like that?" he asked in a grave, thoughtful tone.

"Trouble," said Spenser Churchill. "Poor girl. Yes, she has been ill too; but she is better, and the change will completely set her up, I hope."

"Change?"

"Yes," he purred. "She and Lady Despard go to Italy next week," and he smiled as he struck the blow and saw Percy wince.

"To Italy, next week!" He turned upon him. "What are you scheming? What are you doing? Why did you take me to see her to-night, if—I Do you think I am made of stone, that, like yourself, I've no heart! To Italy!"

"Yes," murmured Spenser Churchill, "and I have arranged that you shall go with them——"

Percy Levant started again, and stopping, confronted him, with a pale, eager face.

"What?"

"Yes, exactly! You are to go with them as—what shall we say?—friendly cavalier, courier, what you will: anything that will serve as an excuse. What do you say? Perhaps, after all, you regret your bargain! If so, say so, and I'll release you."

Percy Levant caught him by the shoulder, and held him in a savage grip.

"You—you devil!" he said fiercely, almost wildly. "You know that I cannot! If I had not seen her I might have had strength; but now——"

He withdrew his hand, and almost thrusting the other man away from him, strode on.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lord Cecil Neville was a man of his word. He had pledged himself to remain in Ireland until the mission he had undertaken was completed, and he meant keeping his word, though his life depended on it. And it seemed to him that more than his life, his happiness hung in the balance. He had written again and again to Doris, and had received no answer to any one of his letters. That they had reached her was evident from the fact that none were returned through the post to him. To all his passionate attempts for an explanation of her silence, not one word came from her!

Life had gone fairly smoothly for Viscount Neville up to this, and his hot, impetuous nature—inherited from his mother's side of the family—found it difficult to endure the suspense. Many men would have broken their word and returned post haste to England and Barton, but a pledge was a solemn thing to Cecil Neville, and like a soldier on duty he stuck to his post.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of what he accomplished in Ireland, but this much may be said, that he found the people in the right and the agent in the wrong, and that that agent had a bad time of it. It may be added that Lord Neville succeeded in a few short weeks in winning more hearts amongst the marquis's tenants than all the Smyles for centuries had been able to do, and that before many days had passed "the young lord," as he was called, was regarded as a friend and protector, and many a faltering voice called down a blessing on his head, and implored him to remain in "the old country."

The Irish are a warm-hearted people, quick to resent any injury, but equally quick in their gratitude for a benefit; this handsome young nobleman who had relieved them from their oppressor, and had done his best to better their hard lot received his reward in the shape of an affectionate gratitude which he should remember and cherish all his life through.

The absentee landlord, the man who screws the last penny from the tenant, and spends it in Paris or London, has been the curse of the country; and it was because Lord Neville saw this, and owned it freely, that the people trusted him.

Often, when he had returned from a

day's inspection of the estate, and had relieved the oppressed, he wondered what the marquis would say when he heard what his ambassador had done! Often when, tortured by an anxiety respecting Doris's silence, he spent the night pacing up and down his room, he vowed that when they were married they would come and live amongst these people who had welcomed him so readily and so gratefully recognized his efforts on their behalf.

But for the constant hard work, the incessant travelling, Lord Neville would have suffered more than he did; for, as the days wore on, and no news of Doris reached him, he began to imagine all sorts of terrible things. One night he dreamed that she was dead, and woke trembling and shaking, half persuaded that he had heard her voice calling to him.

All day her image haunted him, and he found himself pulling up his horse, and sitting staring vacantly before him, recalling her last words, her shy, passionate kiss; and then he would dash forward, and try and persuade himself that his letters had, in some way, miscarried, and that all would be well.

One morning his servant brought him a letter, and he seized it eagerly, but his face fell as he saw the Stoyle coat of arms on the envelope.

The letter was from the marquis. It was the first he had written, though Cecil had sent him a short report of his proceedings each week, and the contents caused him to spring from his chair.

"My dear Cecil," it said, "I think you had better come back. It appears that your course of true love, like other persons, is not running smoothly.

"STOYLE."

That was all, but it was enough for Cecil. In less than an hour he was on his way to the station as fast as the car could carry him. He was fortunate enough to catch the mail, and travelling day and night arrived at Barton Towers just after dinner. The butler started and stared at the young viscount's haggard face and travel stained clothes, and in his solemn fashion looked quite shocked.

"Where is the marquis?" demanded Lord Cecil.

"In his room, my lord. I'm sorry to say dinner is over, but I can serve you——"

"Will you tell the marquis I have arrived, and ask him to see me, please?" said Lord Cecil, interrupting his stately periods. "I shall be ready in ten minutes."

He was scarcely longer, and still pale and wearied-looking, was conducted to the library.

The marquis was sitting in his easy chair, wrapped in his velvet dressing-gown, and looked up with his usual cold smile, and a slight elevation of his eyebrows denoted his recognition of Cecil's altered appearance.

"How do you do?" he said, giving him the tips of his thin fingers. "I am afraid you have been rather hurried in your journey——"

"I came back without the loss of a moment," said Lord Cecil gravely. "I should have come before this, but I waited to complete the business, or until I heard from you——"

The marquis shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm afraid you have inconvenienced yourself on my account," he said coolly and indifferently. "There was no reason on earth why you should remain there a moment longer than you liked——"

Lord Cecil's pale face flushed, and he made a movement of impatience, almost of indignation.

"You must have been bored to death,—oh, no; I forgot,—you take an interest in those people. Ah, yes. Pray don't trouble yourself to tell me anything about it. I got your letters—quite reports, weren't they? I am ashamed to say I didn't read them."

Lord Cecil's flushed, but he restrained himself with an effort.

"My lord," he said grimly, more firmly and sternly than he had ever spoken in his life, "I will not trouble you with an account of my mission—for it was a mission, carelessly as you ignore it. I am too full of anxiety on another matter. Will you tell me the meaning of the note you sent me?"

The marquis stopped again and looked at him with a faint, puzzled confusion, as if he were trying to remember what it was he had written; then he nodded.

"Ah, yes; I remember. I sent you the note because I thought you would like to hear some information I received about Miss Barlow——"

"Miss Marlowe, do you mean?" said Lord Cecil, biting his lips. "What information——"

"Give me time, please," said the marquis, arranging his dressing-gown. "Your impetuosity is rather trying."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Lord Cecil, clenching his hands; "why do you torture me like this? You forget—or do you not forget?—is it from sheer malice that you keep me in this suspense? You know, I see you know, that I have not heard from Miss Marlowe; that I fear some accident——"

"I know nothing of your not having heard from her," said the marquis with perfect coolness; "and I care less. I wrote to you because I considered that I should do so, on a point of honor. You were absent on my business, and it was my duty to let you know what I had heard. I have always done my duty, and I did it in this case, though the writing of even a short note is irksome to me."

"Well, my lord, well?" demanded Lord Cecil, and he paced to and fro, "what is it? Is she ill?—is she——" he could not force his lips to utter the word "dead."

"Ill? Oh, no, I hope not. The fact is, I—I may say 'No,' for it is generally known, I imagine, that Miss Barlow—pardon, Miss Marlowe—has disappeared."

Dreadful as the word sounded, Lord Cecil drew a breath of relief, and a smile, a very mirthless one, crossed his lips.

"Disappeared?" he said, almost contemptuously. "You mean that she has left Barton? That accounts for her not having received my letters or answered them. Where has she gone?"

The marquis shrugged his shoulders.

"I had better tell you what I know; we are getting rather confused. It appears that Miss Marlowe's guardian died suddenly; probably you know this!"

Lord Cecil uttered an exclamation of dismay and pity.

"No! I did not know it! I have not heard from her—from anyone! My poor Doris! When—when did he die?"

"Some time ago—soon after you left, I believe; and here in Barton, I know nothing of the particulars."

"And she did not write! Why not, why not?"

"For reasons best known to herself. My dear Cecil, I am reluctant to shake your faith in this young lady, but I am afraid I must."

"What?" demanded Lord Cecil, scarcely understanding. "My faith in Doris! Go on, sir!"

"It would seem—— Pray take a chair; your constant moving is harassing."

Lord Cecil sank into a chair impatiently.

"It would seem that the young lady was not very serious in her little love affair with you. I imagine that that kind of young person seldom is. How can it be expected of them? They are actresses by profession. I daresay she was practising for a love scene when she was exchanging vows of perpetual faith with you. Pray don't take my suggestion in bad part!" he put in, for Lord Cecil leant forward with crimson face. "I am sorry you should have regarded the matter so seriously! It is a mistake,—I speak with experience,—a mistake to take any woman seriously; they are all daughters of Eve, and as unreliable as their first mother. Miss Marlowe is like the rest, that is all!"

"Will you tell me, my lord, what it is you insinuate?" said Lord Cecil, in despair.

"I insinuate nothing! Why should I? I believe it is perfectly true, but you can ascertain for yourself, of course, that she has jilted you, and gone off with her first, and, pardon me if I add, her more suitable young man."

Lord Cecil started up, his face pale and working, his eyes flashing.

"It—it is a lie!" he said hoarsely.

The marquis regarded him with a mixture of curiosity and contempt, the kind of look with which one might regard the movements of a strange animal.

"Yes; it may be! I don't answer for the truth of the story, as I said."

"Where has she gone? Who is this—this man? It is false! I will stake my existence upon her truth! It is a ridiculous lie!"

The marquis smiled.

"A large stake; too large for so paltry a prize as a woman's faith!" he said calmly. "I have heard she has gone to Australia with a man named—named—excuse me, my memory is very faulty, but, fortunately, I jotted down the details. I had an idea that you would like to hear them." He reached for an elegantly-bound memorandum book as he spoke, and consulted it. "Ah, yes, here it is! 'Miss Marlowe sailed in the "Orion" on the Fourteenth, in company with Mr. Garland, late of the Barton Theatre Royal; engagement at Melbourne.' The 'Orion,' the Fourteenth! I am glad it occurred to me to jot down the particulars."

Lord Cecil stared at him as if he were in doubt whether he or the marquis was mad, and the marquis, closing the book, regarded him with a calm, set placidity.

Then Lord Cecil laughed. It was an unpleasant laugh to hear.

"Who told you this fable?" he demanded.

"I got it from Spenser Churchill!" said the marquis promptly.

"Spenser Churchill! Spenser Churchill!" repeated Lord Cecil. "What had he to do with it?"

"Too much," said the marquis. "Very much against my advice, he insisted—you know he is a professional philanthropist?"—with a sneer—"he insisted upon pleading your cause with the young lady. But it was of no avail; even so distinguished an individual could not persuade a woman to keep her faith."

Lord Cecil strode up and down, his physical weariness and exhaustion playing their part in his mental disturbance.

"It is not true!" he asseverated vehemently. "It is not true! Why should Spenser Churchill be mixed up in this matter? Why——"

"That is easily answered," said the marquis. "It appears that he discovered that the young lady's guardian was an old friend of his. I don't know his name—" which was true. "I don't know anything more than I've told you; and forgive me for saying so, that, seeing the reception my information has received at your hands, I'm very sorry I know so much! I hate and detest this kind of business. It was bad enough when I took a personal interest in it, but now—" he shrugged his shoulders. "It is a pity that the world could not have gone on without women: we men would have been better and happier, believe me."

"Where is Spenser Churchill?" demanded Lord Cecil hoarsely.

"Heaven only knows!" said the marquis, shrugging his shoulders. "In London, possibly, or he may have gone out on a mission to the Jews, or the Turks, or the Sandwich Islanders. I neither know nor care, if I may say so. And now, hadn't you better go and get something to eat? I fear we have exhausted the subject," and he leant back and regarded the opposite wall with an expression which was intended to indicate that, whether they had exhausted the subject or not, the subject had entirely and completely exhausted him.

Lord Cecil regarded him sternly for a moment, as if he were about to speak, then, with a gesture of farewell, opened the door and went out. Scarcely had he done so than the curtains over a door behind the marquis's chair fluttered violently, and Lady Grace glided out.

She was pale, and her under lip was caught in her white teeth, in her endeavor to appear calm and self-possessed.

"Has he gone?" she said.

"Oh, yes!" replied the marquis. "You heard our interesting and dramatic dialogue?"

She nodded.

"Do you think——" She paused, and turned aside. "Do you think that he cared for her very much?"

His lordship smiled sardonically.

"I should say he was what is termed madly in love with her."

Lady Grace moved a little away, out of reach of the cold, piercing eyes, and a quiver passed over her face.

"Has he left the house, do you think?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I should imagine so. I should fancy that wild horses would not hold him!"

"Where's he going?"

The marquis smiled indifferently.

"I haven't the least idea,—to Australia, probably."

She started.

"He would not be so mad!"

"If my opinion is worth anything, I think he is mad enough for anything! This girl must be extremely good-looking, Grace!"

She bit her lips till the blood came.

"Y—es, she is," she assented, as if the admission cost her an agony. "Oh! yes. And he is going! I thought he would have stayed the night!"

"And I didn't," said the marquis, grimly. "He is a Stoyle, and it's not our way to take the loss of our mistresses meekly."

"Did you give him the letter?" she asked.

The marquis uttered an exclamation.

"Phew!" he said, with a laugh. "I knew there was something I should forget. I told you and Churchill that you'd better play the game yourselves, and that I should bungle it. You see I am so unused to intrigues of this description," and the great intriguer of his generation smiled grimly.

"Give it to me," said Lady Grace, as if struck by a sudden idea.

The marquis pointed to a cabinet.

"It's there somewhere," he said, indolently.

Lady Grace opened the door sharply.

"Take care, please," he said with a smothered yawn. "That cabinet is unique, and I have left it to you."

She made an impatient gesture, caught up poor Doris's letter, and glided from the room and up the corridor.

As she did so Lord Cecil came out of his room, followed by his valet, with a portmanteau in his hand, and wrap on his arm.

"Lady Grace!" said Lord Cecil.

"Why, where are you going?" she exclaimed. "I have only just heard of your return! You are not going again?"

"Yes," he said, trying to speak lightly, and force a conventional smile; "I am bad as a Queen's messenger."

She laid her hand lightly on his arm,

"Something's the matter," she said, in a low voice. "What is it? Is it anything you can tell me—anything I can help you in?"

He shook his head as he signed to his man to go on.

"I have heard bad news, Lady Grace," he said, as coolly as he could, but his voice shook as he added, "No, you cannot help me, and, I fear, no one can!"

She came closer to him, and laid her hand upon his arm, looking up at him with her magnificent eyes softed with womanly sympathy.

"I am so sorry! Can you not tell me what it is? Stay, where are you going?"

"To London," he replied.

"To London!" She leant over the balustrade, and looked at the great clock in the hall. "You have plenty of time. Stay one moment. Lord Cecil, do you remember the first night you came?"

"Yes," he said, gravely.

A faint flush rose to her face.

"And all I said to you? Do you think I should have spoken to you as I did unless—unless I had liked you?"

"I appreciated your candor, Lady Grace," he said, in the same grave tone.

Her hand trembled on his arm.

"Well, then, I am going to be still more candid. I am going to ask you to try and fancy that you had asked me to be your wife and that I had refused."

It was his turn to flush now, and his eyes dropped under her fixed, earnest gaze.

"Do you know why I say that? It is because you may misunderstand me when I ask you—as I do now—to let me be your friend."

"I am grateful, Lady Grace—" he began in a low voice, but she stopped him.

"Wait. It is no idle, meaningless offer. I will be a real friend, Lord Cecil, if you will let me. I will prove that a woman and a man can be friends without being—lovers? Now, then, trust me, and show me that you trust me by telling me what this trouble is."

Her eyes looked so honest, so eager, so trustworthy, that Cecil—his heart wrung with the misery of suspense and doubt, his brain heavy and bewildered by fatigue and harassing anxiety—fell into the net.

"I will trust you, Lady Grace," he said, and there was a quiver in his voice which was no discredit to his manliness. "In a word, I have lost the girl I love."

"Lost her!" she said with wide open eyes. "Ah, yes! I know! Miss Marlowe, is it not?"

"Yes," he said. "Do you know anything? For Heaven's sake tell me everything——"

"I will," she said. "But I have heard nothing more than this—that she has gone to Australia with—with a man to whom she was engaged before——"

"And you believe it?" he said with grave reproach.

"No!" she said at once. "I do not believe a word of it!"

He took her hand and pressed it all unconsciously, so that the rings almost cut into her delicate fingers.

"How shall I thank you for saying that!" he exclaimed in a low voice, which showed how deeply he was moved. "They are the first words of comfort, of encouragement! You do not believe it?"

"No, I am certain it is not true. She has left Barton, I know, but as to the rest—why, it is too absurd! Shall I tell you why I do not believe it? Because I have something for you which will explain all, I've no doubt," and she held out the letter.

He almost snatched it from her.

"A letter! Why—where—when—how——" and he stared at her with eager impatience.

"It came while you were away, and I took it. Don't be angry."

"Angry! Has anyone seen it but yourself?"

"No one!—no one! I kept it. Of course, I felt that its safety was of importance to you. I should have forwarded it to you, but I knew you were moving about, and I feared it might be lost."

"I see, I see!" he said, and already hope was displaying itself in his face and voice.

"Yes, that will tell you where she is, and why she has gone, no doubt," said Lady Grace; and with an affectation of delicate consideration she turned to the great oriel window that he might read it undisturbed.

Suddenly he uttered a cry, and looking round, she saw him leaning against the balustrade staring at the letter, which shook like an aspen leaf in his hands.

"Oh, what is it?" she breathed, and her face went almost as white as his own.

He looked up with a bewildered stare; then, with a working face, seemed to struggle for composure.

"You—I—we were both wrong!" he said hoarsely; "she—she has gone!"

"Oh, no, no!" murmured Lady Grace; "don't say that! Do not believe it! Oh, Lord Cecil!" and she laid both her hands upon his arms and looked up at him beseechingly, sympathisingly: as a sister might strive to soothe and encourage a brother.

"Yes," he said almost inaudibly, and with a catch in his voice, "it is true,—it is true! Great Heaven! and I loved—I trusted—I——" He turned his head aside for a second, then faced her, every muscle, of his face quivering under the effort to appear unmoved.

"Lady Grace, the letter proves the marquis's estimate of women to be a true one, and mine—Heaven help me!—false! Read it. No, I cannot! It is the only letter she ever wrote me—it is sacred! The first and the last! Great Heaven, to think that she, she!——" and as he recalled the pure and innocent face, the truthful, trustful eyes that had looked up so devotedly, so passionately, with such an infinity of love into his, his voice broke and he could not utter another word.

"No, do not show me the letter!" she said. "It should be sacred to you. And I do not believe it yet. Where were you going, Cecil?"

Her omission of his formal title escaped him at the moment.

"To London," he said. "But where"—and he made a despairing gesture—"it doesn't matter. Nothing matters now!" and he forced a rueful smile.

"Yes, but it does matter," she said. "There may be some mistake—there is, there must be! It is useless to ask you to remain here, I feel that. Go to London, Cecil, and go to the offices of the 'Orion.' Go and see if her name is on the passenger list. I will stake my faith in the honor and truth of my sex that it is not!"

He seized her hand, and pressed it again.

"How can I thank you?" he breathed.

"Yes! Ah, what woman's wit will do! I will go to the office!"

"And you will let me know? You will not forget—your friend!"

"I shall never forget all you have done, all you have been to me this day, Lady Grace," he said fervently; and with a grave solemnity that might well have become one of the old knightly Stoyles whose pictures looked down on them, he raised her hand to his lips.

A deep red suffused Lady Grace's face, and she drew a quick, sharp breath.

"Go then!" she said, her hand resting on his clingingly, "and come back with good news!"

He nodded, and with the letter in his hand, ran down the stairs. Lady Grace leant over the balustrade and looked at him, her heart beating wildly, her eyes flashing with suppressed excitement. She looked at that moment like one

"Whose soul and brain with keen desire,
Burnt in a flame of all-consuming fire."

Then, as the door closed behind her, and she heard the retreating sound of the dog-cart, she drew herself upright, and, pressing her hand to her forehead, she thought intently.

"A wrong step now, a false move, and—and I lose him!" she murmured. "Oh, if I were there with him; if I could be sure that Spenser Churchill had got her out of the way! Ah!"

The ejaculation was forced from her lips by an idea worthy of a woman. Without waiting a moment she sprang up the staircase to her own room.

"Find the next train to this," she said to her astonished maid. "Don't stand staring! There may not be a moment to lose. Pack a bag, a small bag; and order a brougham. Say nothing to anybody but the groom of the chambers, and tell him to keep his tongue quiet—give him this!" she handed her a couple of sovereigns. "Wait! I want this to go to the telegraph office. Stay! No! I will take it myself as I go!"

"The office is closed, my lady," said the maid, looking up from the portmanteau she had already commenced to pack.

Lady Grace's face fell, then it cleared again.

"Of course! All offices are closed by this time; none will be open till to-morrow! No matter. Give me a telegraph form."

She sat down and wrote quickly.

"He will be at the 'Orion' packet office the first thing to-morrow. Act. Meet me at the square at ten."

Two hours later she was seated in the train following that which had borne Lord Cecil to London, and her telegram lay at the office to be forwarded to Mr. Spenser Churchill at eight the next morning.

Lord Cecil reached his chambers in the grey of the summer morning, looking like a man who had received sentence of death, and yet hoped that by some chance a reprieve might save him.

Not until the train started had he remembered that the steam packet office would not be open until ten o'clock, and yielding to the respectfull entreaties of his man, who was deeply attached to him, and saw with dismay the change which the last few days had made in him, Lord Cecil threw himself on the bed. But he found it impossible to rest there, and spent the long hours pacing up and down, vainly trying to draw encouragement from a remembrance of Lady Grace's assertion of faith in Doris.

"She believed in her, and she does not know her: how much more should I trust in her, who do know her? And yet, this letter!" and he took it out and read it for the hundredth time.

Long before ten he had a bath, drank a cup of coffee to appease his valet, and, dressing himself, went down in a cab to the office of the Australian Steamship Company.

He was there before the office opened, and had to wait for a quarter of an hour. While he was pacing up and down, smoking a cigar, with fierce impatience, a quietly-dressed man, in a brown pot hat, sauntered up, glanced at him casually, and passed by. Then, as if he had remembered something, took out his watch, and returned at a quick pace, so quickly, indeed, that he almost ran against Lord Cecil, and offered profuse apologies.

A few minutes after ten a yawning boy wound up the iron shutters, and Lord Cecil went into the office.

"I want to know——" he commenced; but the boy, struggling with a yawn which threatened to bisect his face, said languidly,—

"Clerks not here yet; don't know nothing myself."

Lord Cecil enquired when they would be there, was told five minutes, ten, perhaps; lit another cigar; was informed by the intelligent lad that he mustn't smoke in the office; flung the cigar away, and strode quietly to the door, nearly knocking over the quiet-looking gentleman in the brown hat, who was looking in at the door enquiringly.

Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour passed, and at last a clerk arrived; and Lord Cecil made for him as if he were going to demand his life.

"Can you tell me whether a lady of the name of Marlowe sailed by the 'Orion,' for Melbourne?" he began, with suppressed eagerness.

The clerk eyed him with the charming impassibility and indifference which distinguishes some of his class, and read a letter which lay before him before answering.

"You will find her name in the passenger list if she did," he said at last.

"Then, for Heaven's sake, give me the passenger list!" said Lord Cecil, with suppressed fury. "I have been waiting——" he pulled himself up on the verge of an outbreak, and the clerk, with a great deal of dignity, got down a huge ledger and leisurely found the proper page. Then he proceeded to read the names: there seemed a million of them to poor Cecil, who leant against the counter, his eyes fixed on the book, his lips tightly compressed.

"Mr. and Mrs. Browne, Mr. and Miss Tompkins, Mr. Garland, Miss Doris Marlowe. Yes, she sailed," said the clerk.

Lord Cecil gripped the counter hard, and stared in a dazed, blind way at the open page.

"Mr. Garland! Miss Doris Marlowe!" Great Heaven, then the marquis had spoken the truth, and she had jilted him; had left him for the other man—this actor. In a moment he recalled the young fellow, the handsome Romeo, who played so well to her Juliet. And she had gone with him! She—Doris! Doris, the girl he loved; whose faith, and honor, and truth—ah, and innocent purity of mind and soul—he would have sworn by.

The clerk stared at his white face and compressed lips curiously. It was not the first time anxious inquiries had been made respecting missing persons at the office, but no one had taken the information given as this handsome young gentleman took it. He seemed, as the clerk put it afterwards, when recounting the incident to his fellow clerks, "as if he were struck dumb, and deaf, and blind."

"Is there anything else I can tell you, sir?" he asked.

Lord Cecil raised his and regarded him vacantly.

"Anything else? No," he said with a grim smile. "That will do, thanks. When will the 'Orion' arrive?"

The man referred to a calendar and told him.

"There or thereabouts," he said. "She's a fine vessel."

"Ah, so I've heard," said poor Cecil, not knowing what he was saying, and wishing the clerk good-day he made his way out.

At the door he paused and took off his hat in a confused kind of way: as a man does who has received news which is either too good or too bad to be realized all at once; and as he stood there, he felt a hand upon his shoulder. Looking round he saw that it was the persistent personage in the brown hat.

"Lord Cecil, Viscount Neville, I believe?" he said, quietly and respectfully enough.

"Yes, I am Lord Neville," said Cecil. "What do you want?" he added, with weary surprise.

The man took a paper from his breast pocket.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, my lord," he said, "but I'm a sheriff's officer, and I have to arrest you on a debt warrant."

"Arrest me?" said Lord Cecil, not with the surprise the man doubtless expected: Lord Cecil would not have been surprised that morning if he had been arrested for murder. "I don't understand——"

"If you'll step aside for a moment," said the man, very respectfully, indeed apologetically, "I will show you. These are the items," and he took some papers from a greasy pocket-book, and read them off.

Lord Cecil recognized them as some old debts, bills, and I O U's, which he had almost forgotten.

"Yes, that is right, I expect," he said gravely, and very wearily. "But I thought," he said, as the idea occurred to him, "that there was no arrest for debt now?"

The man smiled almost pityingly.

"Nor is there, my lord: it's called contempt of court now! You have been ordered to pay these sums by the court, and you haven't done it, therefore it's contempt, and they take you on that."

"Ordered to pay them?" said Cecil. "When I have heard nothing of it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KNOWLEDGE.—Let the enlargement of your knowledge be one constant view and design in life; since there is no time or place, no transactions, occurrences or engagements in life, which exclude us from this method of improving the mind. When we are alone, even in darkness and silence, we may converse with our own hearts, observe the working of our own spirits, and reflect upon the inward motions of our own passions in some of the latest occurences in life; we may acquaint ourselves with the powers and properties, the tendencies and inclinations both of body and spirit, and gain a more intimate knowledge of ourselves.

When we are in company, we may discover something more of human nature, of human passions and follies, and of human affairs, vices and virtues, by conversing with mankind, and observing their conduct. Nor is there anything more valuable, than the knowledge of ourselves and the knowledge of men, except it be the knowledge of God who made us, and our relation to him as our governor.

"DOG PROFIT" HOLLOWAY.—The tramp who was found, a day or two ago, in Connecticut, nearly dead from exposure, is well known there because of the fascination he exercises over dogs. He has been seen accompanied by as many as 25 dogs, and he always has from 4 to 10 with him. Almost any dog will follow him with half an invitation, it is said, and when he coaxes no dog can resist him. Valuable dogs have been known to leave their masters to take up with Holloway, and, when brought back, would seek the first opportunity to join the beggar. Holloway has been so long a wanderer that he can claim no town as a residence.

Bric-a-Brac.

FOUR SUNDAYS.—There are four days out of the seven when the visitor to Algiers runs the risk of finding a shop closed or workman not at his post. Friday is the Arab's Sunday, but it does notput much stop to his worldly business unless he so chooses. The Saturday is the Jews' Sabbath, and then comes our Sunday, on which day the French workman continues to work, in order to take at least a half holiday on Monday.

IN SWEDEN.—In the rustic Swedish marriage. On the marriage day the young couple sit on a raised platform, under a canopy of silk, all the wedding presents, consisting of plate, jewels, and money, being arranged on a bench covered with silk. It is still customary to fill the bride's pocket with bread, which she gives to the poor on her road to church, a misfortune being averted with every alms bestowed. At the same time, lest he should bring misfortune on herself, the beggar does not eat the bread. On the return of the bride and bridegroom from church, they must visit their cow-houses and stables, that the cattle may thrive and multiply.

BEGINNING WORK.—As Saint Distaff's Day, the 7th of January concluded the Christmas festivities for our female ancestors, so did Plough Monday mark the end of the festival for our male ancestors. This is the first Monday after Twelfth Day, and was the day fixed upon for husbandmen to return to the duties of agriculture. A plough, gaily decked with ribbons, was drawn along the country roads, sometimes by oxen, but more commonly by sturdy rustics, dressed up with shirts over their jackets, and hats and shoulders aflame with ribbon streamers, before whom went one more gaudily attired in women's clothes, who was saluted by his comrades as "Bessy." The duty of this individual was to rattle a money-box and solicit contributions from those whose houses the procession passed. Very few refused the demand, but some did, and these fared but badly.

"CREEPING TO THE CROSS."—Amongst the ancient usages of Maunday Thursday, the day preceding Good Friday, was that strange ceremony known as "creeping to the Cross," from the performance of which even the King himself was not exempt. It was an exceedingly laborious process, not devoid of pain, and is still practised among Catholics. Rings as preservatives against cramp, and constructed of the handles of coffins, were consecrated, previous to the Reformation, during this process. Andrew Borde—of the time of Henry the Eighth—says: "The King of England doth hallowe every yeare cramp ryngee which worn on one's finger doth helpe whom hathe the cramps." The distribution of such rings on Good Friday was continued at Westminster Abbey, down to the time of Charles the Second. The ceremony, however, was not observed with strict regularity, as between one distribution and another there were often wide gaps.

AN ODD WATCH.—A watch dial now being made in the Waltham works contains, instead of the usual numerals, twelve small but distinct silhouette figures representing a woman with a very young child in her arms. At one o'clock the lady and her little baby are clearly depicted, the infant being in long clothes. At two o'clock the same figures appear, but the child is a little larger. At three o'clock mamma is still there, but the infant is in short clothes. At four o'clock and so on up to eight o'clock, when he goes to school for the first time. At nine o'clock he may be seen with his college gown and mortar-board, and the happy smile of the now elderly but happy mother. At ten o'clock the death-bed scene where he parts with his beloved mother. At eleven o'clock he is a middle-aged man, over whom the snows of many winters have passed. At twelve o'clock an old and decrepid specimen of humanity is seen praying for a better land.

AT Springfield, O., a few days ago, a little 6-year-old child ran down to the depot to see her "Uncle Joe." She did not know where her Uncle Joe lived, but knew he went to the depot to go home. She managed to get on a train, and, being unable to give the conductor any information as to where she wanted to go, she was taken to Cincinnati and turned over to the police, by whom she was taken care of until her parents arrived to claim her.

"You haven't heard anything until you have heard both sides," says a writer. This may be very pretty logic, but the bass drum refutes it.

THE GOLDEN DAYS.

Once in the days of golden weather—
Ah, me! they were a wayward pair—
Love was the world we walked together;
Oh, what a love was there!

Fresh as a flower when rains are falling,
Pure as a child that prays;
Once in the days beyond recalling,
Once in the golden days.

Ah, but the days brought changes after—
Clouds in the happy skies;
Care on the lips that carried with laughter,
Tears in the radiant eyes.

Parted asunder, worn with grieving,
Wearily each one prays,
Ah, for the days beyond retrieving!
Ah, for the golden days!

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"IT IS SO PEACEFUL!" she said, sinking into a low chair by the fire. "I feel that there will be no jarring elements in my new life with you, dear Mary. If only I could get rid of the weight upon my soul, I should be happy here, I know."

"Is it because of the poor creature's life you told me about, Kathleen—the man you are anxious to save?"

And then Kathleen told her the whole story.

"It is a dreadful thing, Mary," she added in conclusion, "to feel responsible for the terrible death of one person and to think that I shall be too probably responsible for the still more terrible end of another life!"

"I think," said Mary slowly, "that you are looking at it from a very morbid point of view. Because a wicked man has committed a murder which you could neither foresee nor prevent, I do not see that you need hold yourself responsible either for that or for the just retribution of his crime."

"Ah, but I did foresee it," cried Kathleen, with a passionate despair, "and I might have prevented it! Could any thought be more horrible? Mary, if I cannot save Tom Darley's life, I shall never know another happy hour on earth."

"I understand your feeling, dearest"—Mary got up and clasped her friend in her arms—"and all I can do to help you I will do. But," she added, after a pause, during which Kathleen warmly returned her embrace, "what is it that you propose? Surely if the murder was so undoubted and the witness who saw it take place are ready to give their evidence, it will be impossible to avert the wretched man's terrible sentence?"

"Quite impossible—I know that. He will be tried for murder, and he will be convicted. That will be unavoidable. But, after he is condemned, I am going to petition the Home Secretary for a commutation of his sentence to penal servitude. Sir Adrian Deverell has given me very good advice, and has sought the best legal information on the subject. He will procure a personal interview for me with the Home Secretary, so that I may plead Tom Darley's cause. I know that I shall succeed."

Mary, who was a sensible young woman, had her doubts; but Kathleen felt an unbounded confidence in herself.

"But on what plea are you going to ground your petition, Kathleen? Surely there can be no extenuating circumstances for such a cold-blooded and heartless murder!"

"None save one—and that is all-convincing. Tom Darley is insane; his crime can be traced to homicidal mania. I happen to know about him that which I can prove by inhabitants of the village where I was brought up and where he was born—his mother died a lunatic in the county asylum when he was a child. That is a fact."

"Still that would not necessarily make her son insane."

"But it did. His persecution of me, the manner in which he dogged my footsteps and watched my actions, the terrible threats of vengeance upon persons he did not know—all point to the same thing—insanity."

"And you will advance all those theories to the Home Secretary?"

"I shall tell everything—more even than I can tell you, Mary. But you must not call them theories, because they are facts. I shall have plenty of time to prepare my report, as nothing can be done until after the trial. Sir Adrian can do nothing this week because he has got to go back to Clortell for poor Alfred's funeral on Wednesday. When that is over, he will begin to see what he can accomplish for me. I mean to spare no expense in getting evidence from other sources to prove that poor Tom's mind was unsound. Will you help me, Mary?"

"My dear, what can I do?"

"You can assist me to prepare my report. I am going to write it all out so as to send it in to the Home Office before I go myself. But, dear Mary, you must do more than that—you must promise me not to try to turn my mind now from the great object of my existence—promise me not to attempt to dissuade me from my undertaking—promise me your hearty collaboration in whatever way it can be given to assist me in saving the life of Tom Darley. Give me your promise, Mary!"

And, kneeling beside her friend's chair, holding her hands in hers, Mary Hale, more to quiet and soothe her excitement than because she believed that anything much can be done by her, or indeed by either of them, gave her solemn promise to aid, and abet her in any manner within her power in the endeavor to save the life of that unworthy individual Thomas Darley.

She little guessed to what the promise pledged her; she only saw that Kathleen was unstrung and unnerved by all the harrowing scenes that she had lately gone through, that she was in a state of almost feverish excitement, and that the notion of these men's tragic fate lying at her door had preyed upon her mind to such a degree that it was above all things necessary to calm and soothe her into tranquillity. Her promise produced at once some of the effect she desired.

Kathleen seemed reassured and easier in her mind, and consented to drop the subject and to enter into the domestic details of their future life, in which Mary endeavor to interest her, not without success.

The two girls enjoyed a well-cooked and daintily-served meal together in the cosy red-papered dining-room; and, with much ingenuity, Mary succeeded during the remainder of the evening in avoiding any allusion to what she already termed in her own mind "the skeleton in the cupboard." They discussed reminiscences of their school-days; and Mary was quite proud of herself because she actually made Kathleen laugh as gaily and happily over some of their girlish delinquencies as if no such beings as murderers existed, and Clorchester Gaol was a place with which she had no concern.

Afterwards, for fear that her thoughts should fall back again into the same gloomy and terrible groove, Mary raked up the story of all her own troubles, and related them at length to her friend; and Kathleen's warm heart and sympathetic nature did not fail to be touched by the story of sorrows which were fully as deep and poignant as her own.

She was so full of compassion for her friend, and of indignation at the manner in which she had been treated by her false unworthy lover, that she forgot for a while—as Mary intended that she should—the weight upon her heart and the consideration of how she was to word her report to the Home Office; the evening passed quickly and pleasantly, and Kathleen was so tired when she went to bed that she sank at once into a dreamless and refreshing slumber such as had not been her portion since before her father's illness and death.

But Mary was not accustomed to go to bed so early; and, after she had seen that her friend was safely and cosily tucked up in bed, she went down-stairs, and, making up the fire in a small ground-floor room which faced the street, bade the servants go to bed, and sat up by herself with her book.

Miss Hale had long been in the habit of sitting up late over her reading. She had a great idea of improving her mind and keeping up her education, and, like all clever industrious women, she knew that to read regularly and systematically the works of well-known authors was as sound a way as any to enlarge one's own comprehension and to strengthen one's mental faculties.

During the days of her servitude as a governess, these late hours of study, when the whole household was wrapped in slumber, had always been most precious to her, and, having contracted habits of wakefulness, she was not at all disposed to relinquish her usual practice under the conditions of her new existence.

She reflected too that, although Kathleen treated her as a dear and intimate friend, she was nevertheless her employer, that she was about to give her a very handsome annual salary, and that she had an undoubted right to every moment of her time during the day.

The nights were however her own; and Mary was determined to continue to consecrate a portion of them to her own self-improvement.

She sat therefore reading quietly by the fire. Claymore Gardens was an unusually quiet locality. There was no traffic along the terrace to speak of, and, in fact, it was so absolutely still outside that its inhabitants might just as well have been in the country.

It was consequently somewhat startling, in the midst of the utter silence, to be suddenly aroused, after she had been quietly reading for about half an hour, by the inarticulate shouts of news-men hollowing some late piece of intelligence one against another on the pavement just outside the house.

When Mary Hale heard the shouts outside, with all the curiosity of a woman she ran straightway to the front-door. There was a by-election going on in a provincial town, and, being much interested in politics, Mary felt curious to know the result.

She squandered forth a sixpence in purchasing a late edition of the *Globe* from a man who stood without in the fog, and returned with it triumphantly to her snuggery by the fire.

She quickly unfolded the sheets of the newspaper, and sought eagerly for the information she felt sure it contained. She saw nothing about the election in the country town. What she did see in large letters was this:

"Escape of a Prisoner from Clorchester Goal. Exciting Chase by Two Warders, Desperate Hand-to-Hand Struggle, and Final Escape of the Prisoner."

In smaller type below was the following short paragraph:

"Thomas Darley, lying in Clorchester Goal on charge of the murder of Lord Elwyn, escaped this afternoon by means which have not yet been ascertained from the prison. He was seen by two of the warders as he was getting over the outer wall by means of a rope. They instantly gave chase and caught him; but the man, who is immensely strong and powerfully built, fought desperately, and, after dashing one of the warders insensible to the ground, broke the arm of the other, and effected his escape across some fields, and up to the time of going to press has not yet been recaptured."

Mary read all this through with a beating heart and an exceedingly grave face; and then she crumpled up the paper and stuffed it into the very hottest part of the fire.

"If only I can keep it from her knowledge!" she murmured to herself. "By to-morrow the man may be taken again. It would only excite her for nothing. At all hazards it must be kept from her! She must not hear of it!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. LAURENCE DOYLE was at this period a very unhappy and miserable young man. He was, in point of fact, more sinned against than sinning. Over and over again he had determined to crush his unfortunate love for Lucille Maitland out of his heart, had decided that he would see her no more and so keep out of temptation's way, and had even written to her letters to that effect.

But as often as he did so, so often did his beloved beckon him back unscrupulously to her side; and, as he was a young man of weak will and unstable character, he invariably ended by doing exactly as she told him to do.

What was to be the end of it all, when Lucille had become Lady Deverell and would be lost to him for ever, Laurie did not trouble himself very seriously to inquire.

Yet he did, however foolishly, continue to entertain at the bottom of his heart a germ of hope that Lucille would at the last moment throw over Sir Adrian for his sake—and upon that germ of hope he continued to live.

Because she was so beautiful and because he was so much in love with her, he credited her very erroneously, as Adrian too had done once long before, with more heart than she really possessed; and he could not help fancying that her affection for him would triumph in the end over all else.

When her uncle's death and the subsequent tragedy of Alfred's murder had postponed indefinitely the marriage which was to have taken place, and which would have been the death-blow to his hopes, he was most unreasonably elated and delighted by the delay, and was inclined to believe that the Fates were playing into his hands in the matter of these melancholy events; but, when he heard of her illness, and the days went by bringing him none of her letters and no summons to her presence, he then began to be very miserable, and to wonder if he would ever see her again.

He could not bring himself to leave London or to accept any of those pleasant country invitations he was in the habit of receiving at this season of the year, because he had heard that she was likely to be in London soon, so that he could not bear to go away because of the chance of her coming to town.

One evening, upon strolling disconsolately into his club, he was overjoyed to receive a letter in her well-known handwriting. Feverishly he tore it open, and was delighted to find that it was written from Green Street.

"Dear old Laurie—We have come up to town. I'm dying of dulness! Aunt Adelaide won't see anybody yet; she says her loss is too recent. It's very hard on me; but I mean to have some fun in spite of her. I am sick of crape and mourning and illness and misery! Do come and see me to-morrow morning! Sir Adrian has to go down to Clortell for the funeral, so we sha'n't be interrupted. I really think you might take me one night next week to a theatre—it we were in a box, I could sit back and nobody would see me—and you might give me a little oyster-supper afterwards—eh? I could say I had gone to see Kathleen Elwyn, and nobody need know.

"Yours, "LUCILLE.

"P. S.—Come early, as aunt never gets up before twelve."

Punctually at eleven o'clock on the following morning Laurie presented himself in Green Street, and was ushered into the drawing-room. At his entrance Lucille sprang up gladly from a low chair by the fire, and the novel she had been reading tumbled off her lap on to the floor as she held out her hands to greet him.

In spite of her abhorrence of mourning-garments, she look extremely well in black; and, as she permitted herself all sorts of license in the matter of diamond brooches and snowy-white frillings at the neck and wrists, her mourning was not of so deep a nature as to be otherwise than very becoming to her.

The fair hair and transparent complexion wore set off by her sable-hued draperies; and Laurie, falling headlong once more into the weakness which was his ruin, was quite unable to resist the temptation of taking her then and there into his arms and of covering her beautiful face with kisses.

"Dear me, Laurie, this is very wrong of you!" said Miss Maitland, with however no undue severity in the rebuke. "I thought you were never going to kiss me again!"

But, as she smiled and seemed quite to have enjoyed the offence, Laurie did not conceive it necessary to offer any apology for his conduct.

"It is delightful to see you again!" said the young man, devouring her with his eyes as they sat down together on the sofa hand in-hand quite in a lover like fashion. "And you have been so ill since we parted! You cannot think how terribly anxious and miserable I have been about you! Are you quite strong again now?"

"Oh, yes—I'm all right! But, Laurie, do pity me! These dreadful deaths have simply dished everything! Why, I ought to have been married next week! And we were going to have such a jolly party at Clortell for the wedding, and everything was to be so splendidly arranged!"

"You cannot expect much sympathy from me on that score!" replied Laurie gloomily.

"Oh, don't be so tragic! Why can't you take things more lightly? If I have to be married, why can't you make up your mind to it?"

"That is just it, Lucille. I cannot make up my mind to it. I cannot but hope that, now that your marriage has been deferred, you may think better of it and give it up altogether."

"That I am quite sure I shall never do, as I have told you dozens of times!" she answered quickly. "My dear boy, do not be so unreasonable! Why on earth should I give up a good thing for a bad one—a rich man for a pauper?"

"You are not a pauper, my dear Lucille!"

"No; but you are. You wouldn't like to marry me anyway on my money, I suppose?"

Laurie sighed, and said nothing. Put

in such a manner, it was not a nice suggestion.

"Besides, I am much poorer than I ought to be," continued Lucille. "Thanks to that wretched girl Kathleen, my uncle has left me nothing. I am a woman who requires money, Laurie; I couldn't live in a small way. I want lots of things I can't exist without—Parisians gowns, and point-de-duchesse flounces, diamond ornaments, and hot-house flowers. Adrian will be quite able to keep me supplied with all such trifles, which are necessities to me, and so I am going to marry Adrian; and I have not the smallest intention of rendering your existence a misery by casting my lot in with yours, you dear debt encumbered pauper!"

"You are, at any rate, very frank about it," said Laurie bitterly.

"Very—am I not? You ought to be grateful to me for that!"

She laughed and patted his shoulder, and held up her beautiful radiant face towards his wretched and miserable one.

He fixed his eyes thoughtfully upon her and there was real pain in them.

"Lucille," he said, "why are so you abominably cruel to me?"

"Cruel, my dear Laurie, when I have asked you to come here to-day!"

"That is just it! Why do you ask me to come? Is it not cruel to make me come and see you, and then to talk as you do to me? What do you do for it? Is it, as I have always supposed! because in your heart you really love me and you can't do without me? Or is it—can it be because you are simply amusing yourself at my expense and merely delight in torturing me? Oh, I cannot—cannot believe it!"

Poor Laurie dropped his face into his hands with a groan as this awful idea presented itself for the first time to his deluded mind.

"Why do you say disagreeable things and ask tiresome stupid questions?" cried Miss Maitland gaily. "If you are going to be so horrid, I shall be sorry I sent for you. I sent for you to see if you would take me to the theatre. Will you—and when?"

"Whenever you like," he answered gloomily; for she had evaded his questions and turned aside his serious appeal.

"I don't want you to be lugubrious and tragic," she said; "I've had quite enough woes and tragedies lately. Do please be nice and pleasant and cheerful! Can't you take me to a theatre next week—on Wednesday? It would be a very good day, because Adrian has to go to Scotland on that day for two days on business; so he would be well out of the way."

"That is unlucky; for I am very sorry to say I am afraid I can't go on Wednesday, Lucille."

Miss Maitland pouted.

"It is very unfortunate," he continued; "but it is the day of the Uxerton Steeplechases. I have not told you, I think, that I have gone in lately for a little speculation. I have bought a race-horse."

"You, Laurie?"

"Yes; I bought him about ten days ago of a chap who has to go abroad and wanted to sell him. He's a beautiful horse—Decision is his name. You may have seen him mentioned; he has won several good things."

"Oh, yes—of course I have seen his name! Why, he won the Ladies' Plate at the Chorchester Races last year! My dear Laurie, you don't mean to tell me that horse is yours? Why, you must have ruined yourself over buying him!"

"Well, you see, a friend of mine and I have gone shares in him. We bought him as a 'spec.'; he is entered for the Gold Cup at Uxerton next Wednesday, and I stand to win a good deal, as Decision is pretty sure to pull it off."

Lucille became extremely excited and interested.

"I tell you what I will do," she cried—"I will go down with you and see the race!"

"You—Lucille? But—but do you think Sir Adrian——"

"Have I not told you that Adrian will be in Scotland?"

"But your aunt—would she exactly approve?"

"Certainly no! She would disapprove horribly; but I shouldn't dream of telling her."

"How would you manage then? Because we should have to be away all day. It's three hours to the junction, and then you have to change and get on the branch-line. It's a horrid place to get away from, and we couldn't get home till quite late, as I must stop till the last train in order to see my train after the race."

"You haven't much invention, my dear Laurie!" said Lucille, laughing. "It is quite easy to say that I am going to spend a long day with Kathleen and stop to dinner with her. If I get back by eleven there will be nothing wonderful in it. You see my aunt hates Kathleen so much that I can always pretend to go there; aunt would not dream of going there to find me."

Laurie did not half like it. He knew that Lady Elwyn disliked his intimacy with her niece, and would be furiously angry were she to get the slightest wind of such a scheme; and he knew also that Sir Adrian Deverell was extremely particular in his ideas concerning women, and that, if he ever should hear of such an escapade on the part of his future wife, serious trouble for her would very likely ensue.

But Lucille was headstrong and determined; she was bored to death, and the prospect of a day's racing with her only Laurie to take care of her elated and excited her.

It pleased her all the more to think that she would be outwitting and deceiving Adrian at the same time.

"He will never find it out. Don't be such a coward, Laurie!" she cried laughingly, in answer to his doubts and apprehensions.

"I am not a coward—I am thinking of you. Suppose that he should find it out—what then?"

"Then, my dear boy"—and Lucille laughed merrily—"I imagine the game would be up as far as I am concerned; for to a certainty Sir Propriety Longface would be much shocked, and would probably decline the honor of becoming my husband. But, good gracious, that is no more likely to happen than the end of the world! A man in Edinburgh is no more than a mere shadow."

A sudden flush came into Laurie's face, and a new and exceedingly exciting thought shot quickly into his mind at her words.

What if Sir Adrian should find it out? What if some one at the Races should know him and tell him that his betrothed had been seen gallivanting chaperonless about the country with Mr. Laurence Doyle?

Lucille had just said that he would be so shocked and angry that he would break off his engagement. Laurie's heart began to beat oddly at the suggestion.

He bit his lip nervously and looked down, while still that curious "thump, thump, thump," was going on within him. He was almost afraid to speak lest his voice should betray him.

"Well, Mr. Fainheart, will or will you not take me?" asked Lucille playfully and coaxingly, for she was bent upon her day's outing.

"Yes," he answered gravely, as he raised his eyes—"I will take you; but you must promise me one thing, Lucille. If any evil comes of it, you will not blame me, and you will abide by the consequences of your own action? Promise me that?"

"Oh, dear me, yes! Don't look so horribly solemn about it! I'll promise anything you like so long as you will take me! Now what must I wear, I wonder? A good cloth dress, tailor-made, and a felt hat will be the right thing, I suppose, for a country meeting? I've a great mind to have a dark gray costume made on purpose, with a hat to match. It will be quite mourning enough, I'm sure, and I need not wear it in town afterwards."

In the absorbing question of her toilette for the occasion Miss Maitland forgot all Laurie's scruples and her own risk in so wild and hazardous a scheme.

Lucille was still more determined upon going her own way and deceiving her future husband the same evening when Adrian, after his return from the long and ceremonial at Clortell, came round to Green Street, after dining at his club, to spend the evening quietly with the two ladies.

They talked a little about the events of the day, and about the exciting news in the paper concerning the escape of the murderer from Clorchester Goal.

Sir Adrian was very uneasy about it on Kathleen's account, fearing how she might take the news; and yet, if the wretched man could only have got away out of the country altogether, he would have found it in his heart to be glad, because there would then be no question of getting a pardon for him—and Adrian shrank with sensitive horror from the notion of Kathleen's name being dragged forward in connection with a condemned felon. He had promised to help her because he was her only friend, and because he appreciated her motives, and to a certain extent would enter into them.

But he had given her his partnership with reluctance, and only because he loved her—not because of his belief in any intrinsic merit or justice in the case itself.

Lady Elwyn and Lucille both accused Kathleen by implication, if not in open words, of being in love with Tom Darley, and almost hinted at her complicity in her cousin's murderer.

"Of course," said the elder lady, "we ought not to judge the poor girl too hardly for, as I have always said, she was low-born—and what is born in people always comes out in them.

"My poor husband believed her to be his daughter—whether she was so or no is what will now never be known; but there is, at any rate, no doubt that her mother was a very common woman, of low origin and of coarse nature. Her daughter has taken after her."

"Oh, Lady Elwyn, I cannot allow you to say that!" cried Adrian, who had been gnawing angrily at his moustache, and found a difficulty in keeping silence whilst these cruel things were being said; "Kathleen could not help her birth, whatever it may have been; but surely in herself she is one of the sweetest, and most refined natured ladies in the world!"

'Perfection, of course!" sneered Lucille, who was lying on the sofa playing with a white Angola kitten.

"My dear Adrian," cried Lady Elwyn angrily, "I grant you that at first-rate school and a good education have given her an outer polish, and also that daily association with ladies and gentlemen has enabled her to pick up the manners of a woman of good birth; but, as I have said over and over again, look below the surface, and what do you find? A girl whose early training has been disastrous, who, before she came amongst us, was already entrammelled in the toils of a low intrigue with this wretched man who has now turned out to be a murderer, and who clung to him frantically in spite of all the new ties she had formed. Why, did she not deliberately prefer him to the poor fellow whom her father and I selected for her to marry, and who was as good a fellow and as true a gentleman as ever breathed, and who had been laid in his grave this day through her fault?"

Lady Elwyn wiped away some genuine tears with her black-bordered handkerchief.

"I do not think you are stating the case at all fairly, Lady Elwyn," remonstrated Adrian, who was trying hard to keep his temper at this cruel distortion of facts. "I know very little; but it seems to me that poor Kathleen hated and feared this Tom Darley, and that she lived in a perpetual state of terror by reason of his threats."

"Ah, exactly! And why was she afraid of him, pray? What made him threaten her? Why, because of course he had her in his power, and there was something he knew against her! Well, as Lucille is present, I will not say what that something certainly was; but you, as a man of the world, can no doubt understand what I allude to."

"It is false!" cried Adrian, springing angrily to his feet. "I would stake my life upon Kathleen's innocence and purity! The secret between them must have been of a very harmless nature; but it became exaggerated in her own mind into something formidable. In itself I am convinced it was only a very trivial matter at the least."

"Trivial although you say it was," retorted Lady Elwyn hotly, 'it was still sufficiently serious to kill her poor father—for it was the news of that, no doubt, which hastened his end."

For a moment or two Adrian made no answer. Her words brought back an unravelled mystery to his mind—a mystery which after-events had made him lay aside for a time, but which he was no less determined to get to the bottom of.

"Ah," he said slowly at length, "that reminds me, Lady Elwyn, of something I have wanted to ask you! Can you give me Mrs. Hyam's address in London?"

"The nurse, do you mean? No; I do not know it. She came from some institute I believe. Why, what is the matter, Lucille? Why do you jump like that?"

Miss Maitland was sitting bolt-upright on the sofa; her face was very white, and her eyes betrayed a sudden terror.

"That horrid little beast of a kitten has scratched me!" she cried.

She flung down the unhappy little animal viciously with all her might, so that it fell on its head inside the fender, and, but for Adrian's prompt rescue, must have roiled against the red-hot bars of the grate.

"I hate kittens," she added a little breathlessly—"they are—treacherous! I wish I had thrown it into the fire—it has scratched me!"

"Not on your pretty face, I hope, my love?" inquired her aunt.

"No; it is on my wrist," she answered quickly, dragging down the frilling of her sleeves.

Sir Adrian did not seem at all anxious to inspect the wound, as no doubt, to be properly lover-like and devoted, he should have done; he only held the poor little fluffy kitten on his knee and stroked her tenderly.

He did not however mean to let this diversion on the part of his beloved interfere with what he wanted to say.

"I have always believed that woman could throw a great light upon your poor husband's last hours, Lady Elwyn," he presently resumed gravely. "The extraordinary and rapid change in his condition must, no doubt, have been aggravated by circumstances which she might possibly be able to elucidate. I should like to find her out and to question her."

"I do not know her address at all. Perhaps Doctor Grieves could tell you."

"You people are so dull and dreary and miserable with your perpetual talk about dreadful things that I am going to bed," said Lucille, yawning loudly. "Good night, auntie! Good night, Adrian! We shall see you to-morrow, I suppose?"

And, after she had gone up stairs, she said to herself, as she clenched her fists and ground her white teeth angrily:

"What does he go prying and ferreting about for? Why does he want to rake up all that business again? It's all on account of Kathleen! Sir Adrian Deverell, I think that I begin to hate you! Oh, won't I lead you a dance when I am your wife! Meanwhile I shall most decidedly go to Uxerton Steeplechases with Laurie next week!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAG BABIES.—Dolls have amused the world for ages, and seem to have been well known in the days of the Pharaohs; for, in the tombs of ancient Egypt figures of painted wood, of terra cotta, of ivory and of rags have been found, whose limbs were made movable for the delight of children.

In the ruins of Etruria similar toys have been discovered, and in China, as well as in India, movable figures were made to act from time immemorial by hand and on strings, or as shadows behind a curtain.

The ancient Greeks were experts in the manufacture of puppets, including wax dolls, and several of their poets allude to offerings of dolls to Artemis and Aphrodite, made by maidens before their marriage.

Dolls were evidently first intended to amuse children, but the adults soon adopted them as a source of entertainment.

Puppet shows were all the rage in Europe in the sixteenth century, arriving at such perfection that the performances rivaled in attraction those of living actors.

FOOD OF THE ANCIENTS.—The citizens of ancient Rome regarded beef as the most nourishing food, and it constituted the chief nourishment of their athletes. The flesh of camels and dromedaries was much esteemed, the heels of those animals being held in high repute.

According to Pliny, Maecenas delighted in donkey flesh in general, and especially in that of the wild ass brought from Africa. The flesh of the hog and the wild boar commanded the respect of epicures, and pigs were sometimes slaughtered with red-hot spits so that none of the blood of the animal might be lost.

Young bears and dogs afforded favorite dishes, and a more singular food was the flesh of a young fox which had been fed upon grapes. This latter was considered a singularly rare delicacy. Fowls were steeped in wine to render them more delicious and tender, and pheasants and peacocks were regarded as great luxuries, and commanded very fabulous prices.

WE MAY ENGAGE in services prescribed to us by outward rules, from a variety of motives—such as a regard for our own reputation, or that of the society to which we belong; or an earnest zeal for the support of good order; but to be helpful to each other in a religious sense requires, that we be first set right ourselves in conformity to Divine instruction; for otherwise, our care and concern for others, however specious, will be like the "blind leading the blind," and our exertions tend only to involve us in undiscovered difficulty and danger.

FROM THE vicissitudes and revolutions of nations and families, and from the various occurrences of the world, learn the instability of mortal affairs, the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death. From a coffin and a funeral, learn to meditate upon your own departure.

TWO ANGELS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

There are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.

In One Short Year.

BY J. R. WUNSCH.

I SUPPOSE I WAS VERY pretty, or Dick perjured his soul to adreadful extent. I know that his one way of comforting me in the time of our greatest trial, when we thought we should be separated, was to stroke my hair and murmur, "My pretty, my pretty!" in a consoling whisper. It soothed me very much, and made me almost stop crying to listen to him.

If men only knew how much more soothing it is to be told that one is pretty when one is in grief, than to be exhorted to "Be a sensible woman now," they might make more use of this very simple device.

Dick and I were standing in a deep bracken-grown hollow at the end of my father's great park. In our passionate young grief we had eyes and ears for no one but ourselves.

I had, however, chosen the very quiet hour of sunset on a May evening to meet my poor lover, and only a few inquisitive but timid rabbits stared with dark eyes at us from the safe vantage of their round doors, gently moving their soft brown ears with sympathetic interest.

"My pretty Nancy, my dearest girl. It is quite impossible for me not to see the force of your father's reasons. He is perfectly kind and just to you. He wants to make you happy. He calls me a fortune-hunter, therefore I will not accept one penny of his money with you, and I cannot be so selfish as to deprive you of all those comforts you have been accustomed to have in your life."

"You are the only comfort I care about, Dick," I sobbed out. "And what good will other comforts do me if I die? For I shall die if I am never to see you again. Father says, if I persist in marrying you, he will cut me out of his will and leave everything to Aunt Betty and her six ugly daughters. Well, dearest, let him do it. It won't make them one bit prettier; and money won't buy them a sweetheart like mine. Do you really believe, Dick, that if I were sitting in a room full of gold with a sack of sovereigns in my arms and saw you outside, that I wouldn't throw the nasty stuff down and rush through the window into your arms? Dick, you don't know much about women. You'll have to take me as I am and begin the study immediately."

My lover clasped me a little closer; but he sighed profoundly at the same time,

"I can offer you so little," he said sadly, "nothing but my love and a share of my poverty. But I can work for you. I will work. My uncle Richard has promised to help me to a berth in one of the Oriental mail ships, from which I can work my way up. But, Nancy, there is no rank in the Merchant Service that would meet your father's approval."

"I am twenty-one!" I cried defiantly, "and if my father choose to call you names and threaten me with the loss of a horrid lot of money—which only makes us into mean worldly wretches—I shall run away from him and it. I shall certainly run away, Dick, quite soon. You may please yourself whether you help me or leave me to do it alone."

After this bold speech I was forced to hide my shamed face on the breast of Dick's blue uniform; and there I heard his honest heart beating true love's answer to my words.

His scruples all vanished, and in the next two hours we had settled the details of my flight. He was to return to Edinburgh, where he lodged with a dear old Scotch lady, of whom he had often spoken to me.

I was to follow in a few days. We could be married quietly, and await Dick's appointment in blissful poverty.

I fear I thought very little of my lonely father that evening as I stole home across the wide park, scattering the shadowy deer and flurried rabbit from the grassy paths.

My father had always been absorbed in business till he made his fortune, and had taken little notice of his motherless girl. I believe he was fond of me, in a certain way, but wanted to keep me in the leading-strings all my life.

I was only a piece of the very handsome furniture in his splendid house; and had no more right to have an opinion on my own destiny than his easy-chair had to say where it should stand.

I left him, therefore, without thinking that it could cause him much grief; but I knew that intense anger and wounded pride would make him very bitter against me and my almost penniless lover.

I seemed to live in a dream for the next two or three days, till I got Dick's final letter to say all was ready for me at Mrs. Nicholl's. His bright manly face, the ardent look in his grey eyes as we parted that last evening were ever before me. I went on, however, making very practical preparations, such as packing my plainest gowns, and leaving my finest garments in my huge wardrobe.

I knew that the simple little lodgings—up three flights of stairs—would not fit in was more likely that I should be cooking with "stylish silk" dinner dresses. It our dinner than dressing for it. In view of such a charming novelty I packed up some painting aprons, with very smart pockets and bibs—which I knew Dick would think becoming.

I announced my intention of going to visit a school friend in Edinburgh, and my father, who never denied me small pleasures, kissed me at the door as he said good bye, told me to be a good girl, and then, as the carriage drove rapidly off, turned to enter his study with an obvious air of relief.

His utter want of suspicion touched me with remorse for the first time. I half started up, and called faintly, "Father!" But the cry was lost amidst the roll of the wheels, and I was fain to drown my remorse in a flood of tears, which only ceased at the end of my long drive to the station.

For the last time a tall footman got my ticket for me, looked after my luggage and stood respectfully at the door of the compartment which he had secured for my exclusive use.

I had recovered my spirits now, and laughed when I thought that the next journey I made would probably be by third-class, but with Dick—my husband—to protect me.

It is only a journey of a few hours to Edinburgh from my home. There, on the platform, stood my handsome, eager young lover, and by his side a plain but most benevolent-looking little old lady. She had two grey curls on each side of her round cheeks, and she nodded and smiled at me in the most friendly way as soon as Dick identified me by rushing forward as if to take my lonely compartment by storm.

Conducted "home" by these two enthusiastic creatures, I was shown into a charmingly clean, bright little flat, perched like a bird's-nest high above the picturesque town. An honest-faced, middle-aged Scotch servant opened the door and said gravely:

"Y'er welcom, mem."

"This is my Christie," explained Mrs. Nicholl, "and Mr. Gordon's great admirer."

I smiled at her kind though rugged face. Were not all Dick's friends to be my friends now? She afterwards confided to Mrs. Nicholl that Miss Bell was "as bonnie a bride as she could ha' waled for him hersel'." Which was considered high praise.

Then came the happy days of preparation; the quiet "house" wedding, with only Mrs. Nicholl and Christie as witnesses, and the blissful fortnight in the small cottage in Arran, where Dick and I spent our honeymoon.

I abjured wealth and luxury with a light heart. Late dinners and footmen, silk gowns and ladies'-maids, hot-house flowers and soft rolling carriages, all counted as nothing when I stepped lightly over the heather with my tall, brave husband beside me.

I did not think much about my father. I had sent him a letter from Edinburgh announcing my marriage, but he had taken no notice of it.

What did we care? We were absorbed in each other and in day-dreams of the future. How foolish and how happy we were! We talked much of Dick's prospect of advancement.

He called me "Mrs. Captain Gordon," and dressed me in all the imagineable embroidery and jewels that a young sailor might find in India for his sweetheart. At last we left Elysium (in the form of a very uncomfortable but most romantic hut in the depths of a glen) and found ourselves one June evening being welcomed back to our rooms in Edinburgh by Mrs. Nicholl, whose grey curls fairly bristled with importance and pleasure, as she showed us into our part of her tiny house.

Christie, in a gown that crackled with starch, hovered in the doorway to share in the pride of her mistress as we exclaimed and praised and wondered over everything.

These two devoted women must have spent our whole honeymoon in a grand cleaning and super-polishing, for the furniture almost blinded us by its brilliancy. They had bought yards of cheap white muslin and blue ribbons to convert Dick's bachelor room into a bower for his bonny bride.

That very evening Dick wrote to his uncle about the promised appointment, giving his reasons (me) for desiring to increase his income as quickly as possible.

Our favorite recreation during the summer was to stroll in the evening on the outskirts of Edinburgh. We studied the exterior of small houses, furnishing them from our large stock of imagination, and placing ourselves as a finishing touch, now in the bow-window of that little drawing-room, now sitting on that green bench in the small garden. But always together, my darling—always together!

At last Dick heard that in a month he would be called upon to make the voyage to Bombay, as first officer on board one of the splendid ships with which his uncle's firm was connected.

He must go alone, and my heart dropped within me as I thought of the separation from my dearest, and the perils of his journey. He only thought of me.

"Ah, how can I leave you, my pretty Nancy!" he cried; "you will grow pale and ill, and I shall not be there to comfort you. What a selfish brute I was to take you from your home and bring all this trouble upon you!"

I soothed him with brave words, and told him how happy I should be with Mrs. Nicholl and Christie. I promised to take care of my health for his sake, and assured him that all would go well with me. He might be back early in April, he said, and this was December.

He was terribly moved at our parting, and as he strained me to his heart in a last embrace, he murmured:

"God help me! I will come back to you, my pretty; I will come back to my lovely Nancy!"

Then, gently unclasping my hand from his neck, he placed me in Mrs. Nicholl's motherly arms and rushed from the house. Christie followed to bless him on the staircase, and I struggled up to the window in a last gallant attempt to smile down on his pale, upturned face and troubled grey eyes, as he looked his final farewell. Then I slid quietly to the floor in my first fainting fit.

* * * * * *

More than three months had passed since my dear husband so remorsefully and anxiously left me. Three months which held much loneliness, much suffering, and in the end much joy.

I was inordinately proud of my baby boy; but my pride was as nothing compared to that of Mrs. Nicholl and Christie. They worshipped him, and often Christie would be caught, duster in hand, hanging over the cradle in speechless admiration when she was supposed to be polishing an already shining room. Mrs. Nicholl "understood babies," and was invaluable to me in my ignorance, and happy in imparting motherly advice.

For some time my heart had been strangely stirred towards my own father. I used to sit sewing, after Dick left home, pondering on the wonderful feelings that move a father's and mother's love towards their helpless little ones. Had my father felt thus towards me? Had my lovely mother—whose portrait hung in my room in my old home, but whose living face I had, alas! never looked upon—felt those yearnings to clasp me in her arms, which, for her, were never gratified? Ah! how cruel and heartless it must seem, when your baby grows up, for it to desert you as I had deserted my father.

Influenced by these feelings I wrote him a letter, begging him to come and see me, or even to send me a word of forgiveness. But my letter was returned to me unopened. Some mutual friends of ours in Edinburgh told me that my father never mentioned my name; that he secluded himself in his house and grounds; never paid or received visits; and snubbed persistently the many gallant attempts of Aunt Betty to plant one, or all, of her ugly daughters upon his hearth. They told me also that he was changed—looked old and grey—and took life with a listless indifference strange in such an active man. After an interval of some months I wrote again to him, telling him, with all a young mother's pride, of my baby. The boy was remarkably like my father, having great dark eyes and a stubble of black hair that looked odd on his tiny baby head. My letter was not returned this time; but no answer came.

Dick had written to me from every port they touched at on his way out. We had telegraphed our good news from Edinburgh, and now he was on his way home. Any hour I might get a telegraph to say the ship had arrived. Then, I knew, no train could bring him fast enough to my side. My heart beat fast and my color rose as I thought of his joy when he should clasp "us" in his arms. I ran to the mirror to see if his "pretty Nancy" had lost any of her good looks. I cared only for his sake—he was so proud of my beauty. My face looked thinner, but my dark eyes shone bright with mother love; and certainly a fine color adorned my cheeks as Mrs. Nicholl came into the room in time to catch me smiling at my own reflection.

She had come to advise me "to look over Mr. Gordon's clothes and air them a bit at the fire; for no doubt the sea air would have spoilt all his things, and he would want 'a change' when he came home."

To this delightful task I set myself with alacrity, hanging various blue flannel garments with brass buttons on a row of chairs near the fire.

As I turned out dear Dick's coats and neckties, which I had not had the heart to look at since he left, I felt as if his presence were very near to me now. One great pilot coat looked so like Dick himself that, after hugging it warmly, I conceived the brilliant idea of spreading it on the bed and laying my baby in it—just to see how he looked.

The boy fought with me manfully and refused to have his fat mottled hand thrust under the rough sleeve, but catching sight of the bright gold buttons he laughed and cooed charmingly to them.

As I hung in admiration over this enchanting picture Christie entered the room. She held in her hand a wonderful pair of socks at which she had been working for many evenings to present to "the Captin," as she would insist upon calling my dear Dick.

They were knitted in woollen lozenges, and checks, and stripes, till they looked like cribbage boards or anything but socks. She laid them with pride beside the slippers, and then noticed the baby, now fallen asleep in Dick's coat.

"Eh! mem, Guid bless the innocent wee lamb! His father'll be the proud man to see sic' a sight—I wish he would just step ben."

My heart echoed the wish as Christie left the room hurriedly, saying:

"I must look after yon lassie—she's breakin' every dish in the house!"

"Yon lassie" was a little red-haired girl, whom I had engaged to help me with my baby; but Christie threatened her with such awful punishments if she ever "daured to lay a finger on him," that she had turned into a small nondescript kind of general helper, only permitted to worship the baby at a distance in leisure moments.

I heard her now stumping up the passage to open the front door in answer to a ring that had made my heart leap. Every ring might mean a telegram from dear Dick.

My bedroom opened off our small sitting-room, and as I heard the door softly open and close again, I looked up, with my lap full of Dick's stockings, and saw—what made my heart bound once with incredible joy, and then seem to cease beating entirely.

I saw a man's tall, slim figure, clad in naval blue, exactly like my husband's—but the face was not Dick's face, and though young and kind, was very, very grave.

"Are you—are you—oh! who are you?" I cried in an agony of suspense.

He looked like one tongue-tied with ill news.

"I—I am Dick Gordon's friend," he stammered, "and I have come to—to call on Mrs. Gordon."

Then, as his dismayed glance lighted upon the blue uniform coat, the baby asleep inside it, and my questioning eyes, this strange young man muttered, "Oh Lord!" and turned as if to escape from the room.

"Stay!" I called in a voice that sounded to myself thin and weak, "Stay, and tell me what you mean! I am Mrs. Gordon. Where is my husband?"

"Oh! on board his ship of course. Isn't there any one else here but you? Can't I ring for some one?" he said, his eyes searching round the room for a bell and

determinedly avoiding my face.

Beads of prespiration started to his brow and he seemed once more to be trying to get away. I grew sick, sick at heart.

"He is ill, or he would have been here before any one!" I cried.

Then, as he reluctantly caught my beseeching look, Dick's friend suddenly turned his back upon me. But not before I had seen his eyes—and they were full of tears.

"Dick is dead!" I said in a curious voice that seemed to belong to some poor woman stricken cold with grief, but not to me.

Dick's friend had found the bell now, and was ringing so vigorously that Mrs. Nicholl, Christie and "yon lassie" all appeared at once, filling the little room with questions and agitation. Mrs. Nicholl gave one look at my face, and then ran to catch me in her arms. I pushed her back, and said again in that dull, cold voice:

"Dick is dead!"

She looked at the young man, and I saw him bend his head in mournful assent.

I did not lose consciousness, but all at once my very life seemed to be ebbing away from my heart and limbs. When Mrs. Nicholl led me to the sofa, and sat with her kind arms pressing my head to her breast, I simply lay helpless—powerless to look or feel—but hearing every word.

Dick's friend, now reassured by the presence of the other women, stammered forth a broken narrative.

Dick had come on board at Bombay with the beginning of rheumatic fever upon him—had been very ill—had struggled back to life, nursed by his goodfriend—and then—and then—just as home was nearing, had been found dead in his sleep, of heart disease.

Dick had talked much to his friend of his wife and child. He made him promise that "if anything happened" he would go to my father first, to implore his protection for me and my little one, and then come to break "it gently" to me!

"He thought of nothing but them all the voyage," said the young man huskily. "And he said I was to bring his watch for his little son."

I looked up at this and saw him laying Dick's old watch—that looked like a familiar face—softly upon the table.

As he did so two great tears dropped beside it. How strange that he should cry! His tears must be warm, and I felt felt so cold—so cold that no warmth could ever come into my frozen veins again.

"Is there nothing for me?" I asked beseechingly.

Dick's friend looked for a moment at me, and then said:

"He told me—if he died—I was to give 'his love' to his 'pretty Nancy.'"

The poor young fellow had turned his eyes to the door while speaking. He now rushed out—muttering that he would come again.

But though he wrote to me, I never saw him more.

Torpor took possession of me again. I thought this chill creeping through my veins must mean death; and I was glad in a dull way that it was so easy to join my Dick.

My gallant, handsome Dick! How thin and pale and cold he must be now! But I was coming to him—and surely he would unclose those pale lips and smile at his "pretty Nancy" still!

I could hear the faint rustle of the women busy about me; I could smell the brandy they were rubbing on my lips. But I did not want to be roused—I wanted to lie thus till I saw Dick's spirit meeting mine.

Suddenly, a tiny cry—growing even louder and clearer—pierced through the stupor in my brain. I tried to shut it out; but it rang in my unwilling ears, and something—could it be my dead heart?—fluttered in answer.

I staggered to my feet and walked swiftly straight to the bed where my baby lay, just waking from sleep and calling for me. As his soft face touched mine the ice in my veins melted, and a rush of warm tears made me feel that I still lived—lived to suffer and be lonely indeed, but to guard Dick's boy.

"Yon lassie" had stolen from the room to attend the door once more; but, warned by her late indiscretion, she called Christie out to interrogate some visitor.

In a second they were both pushed aside, and, with my baby in my arms, I looked up to meet my father's eyes.

He stood in the doorway—white-haired, thin and strangely aged. But, with a look of love and pity in his dark eyes which I had never seen there before, he stretched out two eager trembling hands towards me and Dick's child.

A True Snake Story.

BY DR. A. STRADLING.

BEFORE relating my true snake-story, let me offer a sample of the other brand—the 'snake-story' which is not true. I clipped it from a paper published in the very country in which the scene of the other is located, Guiana.

A boa-constrictor woke up thin and hungry after a three months' nap, and set off to look for his breakfast. He was soon rewarded by the capture of an agouti, which he crushed and bolted whole, after the manner of his kind. His appetite being not yet appeased, he went still farther afield in quest of prey, and presently coming to a fence and essaying to pass through between the stakes, he was stopped midway by the lump in his body which was the outward and visible sign of the defunct but undigested agouti.

As he lay in this position, another agouti happened to wander incautiously near his nose, and was seized, constricted, and swallowed in like manner. Agouti number two passes down the serpent's body to join its predecessor, but was stopped on the other side of the fence; and the state of affairs now was that the boa could neither go ahead nor astern, being jammed by his fore-and-aft inside passengers; and in that situation was found, caught, killed, and made into a 'snake-story.'

For the truth of what fallows I can vouch, as all the collateral and corroborative circumstances, though not the main incident, came directly under my personal notice.

The wife of one of the overseers on the Enmore estate in Demerara had one morning laid her baby asleep in its cradle while she performed certain household duties. Enmore is—or was at the time of which I write—the largest sugar plantation in that county. The estate has a station on the little line which runs through several small towns, still bearing their quaint old Dutch names, as far as Mahaica.

The baby aforesaid was carefully screened from the blazing heat of the day within a cool green-jalousied veranda, and was lightly covered with a muslin net, to guard its slumbers against the disturbing influence of flies, marabundas, scorpions, spiders, and other small but unpleasant deer, of which this favored land is the happy hunting-ground.

It was three months old, was No. 1, and was the pivot on which the daily life and love of both its parents revolved. I regret to say I have forgotten whether it was a boy or a girl.

Picture to yourself, then, if you can, the horror of the young mother when, on stealing into the veranda to refresh herself with a peep at her unconscious darling, she beheld on the muslin cover a live serpent! She had not been long in the colony but had already sufficient experience of its teeming reptilian fauna to recognize the blood-red, blunt-headed creature which lay on her child as a coral snake, reputed to be so deadly as to slay a man or horse with its bite in twenty minutes.

It had apparantly fallen into the cradle from the ledge of the Venetian shutter above, and its weight causing the muslin to bag down, it was unable to raise its body high enough to get over the edge of the wicker work and escape, as it seemed to be endeavoring to do.

Terror-stricken as she was, the poor girl by a desperate effort summoned up all her self-control and remained still, knowing that if she baby were disturbed it might by its movement provoke the snake to strike.

After watching the ineffectual efforts of the latter to climb the side of the cradle for a few moments, which seemed like hours, an idea few over her half-numbed brain. She crept gently forward, inch by inch, until by stretching forth one foot she could touch the rocker.

Getting her toe underneath this, she slowly raised it until the basket was tilted considerably away from her, and was consequently lowered on the side towards which the intruder was directing his attempts at ascent.

The plan succeeded admirably: the unsuspicious serpent wriggled its way up the now moderately inclined plane of the net, retarded in its progress only by the unstable hold afforded by the latter. Its head was already over the edge, and in another quarter of a minute it would have been upon the floor, when the treacherous rocker slipped from her foot, the snake rolled back lower than before, carrying the edge of the narrow curtain down in the fall, and the mother stumbled wildly to recover her nearly lost balance.

It was too much for her; the awful tension snapped, and she called her husband's name with a hoarse cry.

Well that she did! He was nearing the house at the time on his homeward way to mid-day breakfast, and just caught sound of that agonized whisper as he crossed the muddy canal.

A few seconds later he was in the veranda, reading his wife's bloodless face with wild questioning eyes. No speech could she force through her hot lips; no work spoke he, but he followed her outstretched finger as she pointed to the still swaying cradle.

With one dash he seized the muslin and tore it off. Had this been done at first, no doubt all would have been well, but the free border being within the side, the light net slipped from under the weight of the snake, and the reptile fell hissing and writhing upon the naked body of the child, now crying and lifting up its hands towards its mother.

There was no moment for thought. Like lightning he gripped the infant by the shoulder and threw it out on the floor, where it fell with a broken collar-bone, but saved!

And it was through being called upon to administer restoratives to the wife and to treat this injury—which may have been caused by the fall, or, more probably, by the frenzied grasp of his powerful hand—that I, in the absence of my friend, Dr. D——, whose guest I was, learned the foregoing particulars within ten minutes of their occurrence.

The snake was already despatched, and lay on the verandah boards with its head smashed flat by an unnecessarily tremendous stamp of the paternal heel.

I may just say that youth and a good constitution, in which the Morayshire breezes were not yet dissipated by fever and ague, enabled the mother to throw off the nervous illness with which she was threatened; and that, although the condition of the child's shoulder and the pain attending it naturally caused the parents great grief, it recovered perfectly without any impairment of the use of the arm. The fragments of the snake were gathered up and preserved in a glass jar of white rum from the factory 'still;' and long afterwards as he told the tale, the big black-bearded Scotchman's lips would go white with anger and his forehead bead as he shook his fist at "yon devil" in the bottle. And I daresay that it moves him to this day.

For I had not the heart to tell him that the creature was harmless, and that he had broken the baby's collar-bone over a poor worm who could do less injury that a mosquito.

Fervently do I hope that they have never learned it. And if the declaration of its innocence forms a damp and depressing appendix to this tale, kindly remember, in extenuation of the circumstance, its exceptional character as that seeming paradox, a true snake-story.

SOME BOYS.—It takes the average small boy to concoct schemes to surprise his elders. One of the newest schemes of this sort is being practiced by a select coterie of youngsters who reside up on one of the South Side avenues.

If they keep it up they will doubtless acquire one of the soundest cases of thumping ever administered to a boy or a set of boys. Their modus operandi is this:

They first steal, beg or borrow some laths, and on the end of each lath they bunch the remains of a newspaper. Then they prowl about their neighborhood, somewhere near 6 P. M., and peer into unprotected windows.

When they see a family at supper they quietly strike matches and ignite their newspapers, after which they elevate their laths in front of the windows and utter the most fiendish yells.

This noise attracts the attention of the supping family, and, of course, they see the flaming papers just outside of their windows.

For a moment or two they are alarmed by the unusual spectacle, but when the house realizes that he has been scared by a boyish prank he grabs a heavy cane and starts for the door, only to find that the youngsters have made good their escape, accompanying their departure with derisive yells.

But some night the man of the house will get a good start, and when he does he will warm the jackets of the youthful creators of a new sensation.

PEOPLE who are always talking sentiment rarely have deep feeling.

Scientific and Useful.

PHONOGRAPHY.—Phonographs are to be put in the post offices of Mexico, to be used by persons unable to write, in order to send messages to friends through the mails.

STEEL.—Watch springs, piano strings and similar articles have been successfully tempered by electricity. The steel is wound on a spool, placed in an oil bath, and by the electric current kept at the exact degree of redness necessary for the temper required.

IVORY.—Much of the so-called ivory now in use is simply potato. A good, sound potato washed in diluted sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution, and then slowly dried, is all ready to be turned into buttons, and innumerable other things that ivory is used for.

DAMP WALLS.—One of the best remedies for damp walls is the growth of ivy on the exterior. The pendent leaves prevent the rain from penetrating to the wall; and if any damp arises from the foundation, the plant absorbs the water, and dissipates it into the air from the under side of every leaf.

TO DESTROY EGGS.—One of the best methods of destroying the nits or eggs of bugs and fleas, which are sometimes found in the pleats or gathers of mattresses and bed furniture, is to iron them with a very hot iron. The ordinary treatment of beating and brushing the furniture in the open air is not always effectual.

A NEW USE FOR GRANITE.—A New Hampshire gentleman has brought out a new use for granite. It is made from finely crushed granite, which, when formed into any desired shape by moulding and afterward burned and hardened, is to all appearances harder and as strong and durable as the solid stone itself, which it resembles close in appearance.

Farm and Garden.

SALT AND LIME.—The best way to apply salt to land is to mix it with the lime or ashes, one bushel of salt to ten of the lime or ashes being the proper proportion. It renders the lime more soluble, due to chemical action.

CORN-HUSKS.—Corn-husks make excellent material for mattresses, if properly prepared, which can be done during the winter, at times when storms prevent other work; but it is doubtful if it will pay for the labor bestowed.

THE POULTRY.—When a flock of hens do not pay, the best plan is to pick out the ones that are laying and sell off the others. It is sometimes the case that there are too many of them together. A few hens well kept will produce more eggs, proportionately, than a larger number.

GRAPE-VINES.—Every farm should have a few grape vines. They serve as arbors or shade, and can be grown where they will not take up much space. All poultry yards will be improved if grape vines are grown along the fences, and the fowls will find shade under the overhanging branches in summer.

THE ROAD TAX.—After the road tax is worked out many farmers think that all they do on the roads is lost labor. Really, the making of good roads is more to the farmer's interest than any other kind of tax he pays. Equally so it should seem in the keeping of weeds from seeding, either on his own land or that of his neighbors.

ABOUT THE FARM.—Make a note of things not yet attended to. Hundreds of little things about every farm need attention. Each one of these considered alone is of small importance, but when aggregated they make a large total. Make notes of these things as you pass about, and don't fail to make frequent reference to your memorandum book.

THE WALKING GAIT.—In Ohio the walking gait of horse is encouraged. At the State Fair a walking match was arranged, the time for four-tenths of a mile varying from 4 10 to 4 15. Each horse drew half a ton of coal. It is worthy of being made a part of the programme at all fairs, as the walking gait deserves more attention than it has received.

QUALITIES OF ANIMALS.—The personal qualities of the animals to be used in breeding are more important than those of their ancestors; the qualities of parents more important than grandparents, and vastly more important than those of any more remote ancestors. The offspring resembles the parent much more frequently than it does some more remote ancestor.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 18, 1890.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year..... $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 10 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

Insincerity.

In its broad and coarse sense dishonesty, or untruthfulness, is felt to be despicable and universally execrated, while, as to insincerity, one of the commonest and most tolerated of all "foibles," it can scarcely be said to be held in abhorrence even by the most rigidly precise and exemplary of moralists.

Nevertheless, as a matter of absolute probity, there is no difference, except in degree, between the utterance of a falsehood and untruthfulness in conduct. Living and acting a lie is as bad as telling one.

Yet it would seem as if the motive and purpose of untruthfulness practised were to be taken into account in estimating the magnitude of the offence. Abstractedly this is not so; but in fact it must be.

The human mind cannot regard the fault of pretending to be rich when we are poor, simply to gain respect, as of equal gravity with that of professing to be poor in order to extort money.

Vanity is recognized as a pardonable vice, although it is doubtless the active cause of more sin and misery than any other error or fault of human nature.

The fact that the majority of respectable and virtuous folk go on telling lies and acting lies with impunity does not affect the nature or quality of the wrong they do; it only shows that, after all, the laws of right are very leniently administered, and that man has great cause to be grateful for the forbearance with which the eye of Justice regards his manifold offences.

It is not the part of a prudent self disciplinarian to try this forbearance too severely.

Setting aside the possibility that Providence, too often tempted by neglect or defiance, may avenge the wrong we do persistently, there is the bad effect of wrong doing on our own characters, against which it is only wisdom to guard ourselves

No man can habitually set himself to deceive those around him without in the long run deceiving himself. He becomes entangled in the toils of his own snare, himself blinded by the dust with which he tries to blind others.

This form of insincerity relates more particularly to ourselves, and only to others in respect of what they may think of us.

We deal only with the surface view of the facts, and say nothing of motives like those bad ones which often underlie pretence and impel the unprincipled to affect certain excellences of character with the intent of inducing those around them to admit them to confidences which they mean to abuse, or to entrust them with property which they intend to purloin; while the insincerity that disfigures and defames social intercourse is most conspicuously mischievous in its effects.

Sincerity is one of the best and most social of virtues. At the same time, it is far too commonly misunderstood, and either travestied by mere superficial candor or confounded with reserve.

If the truth could be known about minds and hearts—as the phrase is—there would be strange and startling corrections to be made in order to group the men and women of our acquaintance naturally and accurately.

Many of those from whom we now stand aloof should be our bosom friends, while, of those we trust with our innermost secrets, some would be excluded from even the outer circle of true friendship.

For ourselves and others it is well to cultivate sincerity, in the just sense of that quality.

What we really want is honorable truthfulness, with the reserve that allows time and opportunity for the verification of impressions received and the correction or confirmation of judgments formed

As a step towards the improvement we desire in this direction, it would be well to eschew and discontinue the easy habit of raspy thought speaking It is not right, but wrong, to say out all we think as it occurs to us, because a very large majority of the opinions we entertain about persons and things are erroneous, and it does much mischief to others and more harm to ourselves to express them.

It is in early life that sincerity can be most successfully cultivated, Those who have the care of the young should bear this in mind and the measures to ensure that nothing incites them to falsehood or dissimulation. Untruthfulness in word or deed ought to be punished with marked severity, and in no circumstances excused, while faults instantly and fully confessed, so that there is no deceit in the story, may may be looked upon with forbearance.

There is no crime against self and others comparable, for enormity and destructiveness, with insincerity and the several forms of lying. Without this element there would be little sin in the world.

It was the first fruit of sin, and it is the seed by which evil is propagated. There are many ways of lying, and the least direct are the worst. Playing on words, or misleading, or taking refuge in a special meaning, is worse than a simple falsehood.

It costs the mind more pains to practise deception cunningly than to lie openly. The lie that looks like "prevarication" is therefore not less, but more heinous than others: and yet parents make light of these offenses and call them "romance." Truth is the regenerator by which human nature is to be restored.

REPENTANCE being a necessary dispensation to be passed through, by all who enter the heavenly kingdom, every sin that has dominion over us is a proof that, however sorry we may be for the distress it occasions, we have never yet pressed through the straight gate.

PETURBATION of mind would be oftener productive of benefit to us than it is, if, instead of looking outwardly for the cause, we sought it no where but at the bottom of our own hearts. This introversion, by deepening us in self abasement, would enlarge our experience of the mystery of iniquity in its root and ground, and guard us against imposition, both in ourselves and others.

SOME of the circumstances of human life, which are so apt to sink the mind into discouragement, and produce discontent and repining, we are never fully reconciled to, till we are convinced they were the providential means of our preservation, or extrication, from evils of greater and more lasting consequence.

IN metaphysical researches, each adventurer judges of the depth of the waters, by the length of his own line: all beyond must, to him, be mere conjecture. Hence that variety of opinion we find in the writings of Philosophers—What is unfathomable, is equally incomprehensible.

FROM the vices and follies of others, observe what is hateful in them. Consider how such a practice looks in another person, and remember that it looks as ill or worse in yourself. From the virtues of others learn something worthy of your imitation.

RELIGION is more than mere opinion, more than mere sentiment, more than mere emotion; it is the fusion of the intellect and the spirit, the united energies of mind and will and soul, bending themselves to the formation of a life of integrity and nobleness.

LOVE and hatred, are the two powers which are contending for the ascendency in us: and one or the other will finally prevail. In the meantime, our fruits show to which we are most subject; for "grapes come not of thorns, nor figs of thistles."

POSITIVENESS in a state of uncertainty, is generally acknowledged to be wrong; yet, we are seldom so fully aware of the error in ourselves, as inclined to take offence at it in others, especially if we meet with it in the way of opposition.

IF we were as patient in waiting for the instruction of wisdom, as we are earnest to take sure steps in the prosecution of our worldly affairs, we might soon become acquainted with her lore, and proficients in her school.

A TRULY humble person is not offended, but pleased with a detection of its errors, if in the manner of exposing them, the laws of friendship and decorum are not violated by unkindness or dissimulation.

IT is possible for us neither to have, nor desire to have, an increase of wealth, or even to despise it as savages mostly do; and yet to be the mere slaves of lust, ambition, or avarice.

CONSCIENCE doth not distress the mind, for the deficiencies or mistakes of reason; but only for the deviations of the will, from that which the mind apprehends to be right.

IT is with the christian as with a pupil learning to write; if he did not keep his eye on the copy, he is likely to be continually repeating his own errors.

A VIRTUOUS mind will not be disposed to take credit to itself for its attainments, while conscious of any censurable deficiency.

IF we do not wish to pass for any thing better than we are, we shall be invulnerable to the shafts of envy and slander.

To insinuate a thing prejudicial to another, which we are not willing openly to avow, is a kind of mental assassination.

THE pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

MANY things are reconciled to us by habit, which we would readily disapprove if practiced by others.

The World's Happenings.

A warm Christmas is said to indicate a cold Easter.

There are upwards of 10,000 professional beggars in New York.

In Northwest Kansas thousands of bushels of corn are being burned as fuel.

Ice has been found on Mount McClellan, California, which is computed to be 80,000 years old.

The trade of baby farming as a profitable and increasing business is advertised in all parts of England.

A thrifty Ohio girl sold a batch of old love letters to a ragman last week. She realized 30 cents, which, she declares, is a good deal more than they were worth.

A colored woman in Missouri only discovered recently that she was not a slave, and obtained judgment in the Courts against her last master's estate for $1,400 wages.

A child born in Denmark is considered to be a Dane only while he remains in that country. Birth in Portugal confers Portuguese nationality unless the child formally renounces it.

A thief, who stole a horse in Winchester, Va., rode the animal all the way to Xenia, O., about 700 miles, where he fell into the hands of the police a day or two ago. He made the journey in a little less than two weeks.

An Illinois woman who broke her wrist while trying to raise a window in a railroad car has just received $1665 damages, and a Wisconsin man who broke his thumb in the same endeavor is suing for $3000 damages.

Sam Galvin, colored, though 95 years old, worked as porter at the Monongahela Hotel, Pittsburg, up to a few days ago, when he was discharged. He expects to be re-engaged when the house opens again.

A Jefferson City paper tells of a dog which followed a coon into a cave, where he became fast in a narrow aperture and was compelled to remain until he grew lean enough to get through, which required twelve days.

Bridgeport, Conn., ought to have the palm for wide awake policemen, when a safe weighing 500 pounds can be taken from a store within a stone's throw of the police station and dragged all over the town without interruption.

The British boat Brisk has given the most conclusive proof that a torpedo may be effective. She fired one of hers at a buoy which had been towed out as a target by her steam cutter, and, missing the buoy, hit the cutter and sank her.

New York has a pawn-shop elegantly fitted up in hard wood, brass, etc. The unique feature, however, is a handsome large orchestrion, which grinds out music all day long. It is said that its purpose is to soothe the feelings of the unfortunate patrons.

A remarkable town, indeed, is Hanover, Me., if the following, which is making the rounds of the New England papers, is true: Hanover is without a minister, doctor, lawyer or pauper, and had enough money left over from last year to go without assessing new taxes.

In a Wheeling store where looking glasses were formerly scattered around rather generously they have all been taken down. "The reasons," said a floor walker, "is that the women would crowd wherever there was a looking-glass, and we took them down until after the Christmas rush."

The late Thomas Parker, of Washington, became so attached to a cane—a cheap one, which he had carried for years—that he kept it in bed with him all during his illness, and before dying expressed a wish that the favorite stick be buried with him. His wish was carried out, the cane being put in his coffin.

Cliff Clay, an Americus, Ga., lad, not to be outdared by his youthful companions, rode horseback across the trestle bridge, two squares long, four feet wide and twenty-six feet high. Soon after he had started some women saw him, but were obliged to let him go on, as the animal could not be turned around.

Boys at school usually sympathize with a companion who is being birched, and those in a Maysville, Cal., school proved to be no exception until the offending lad hit the teacher—a woman. Then they took the chastising in their hands, and, to use the words of the local paper, they "wiped the floor up" with the lad.

Out in Cleveland, O., a judge adopted a novel means of deciding a suit over the ownership of a carrier pigeon. He asked disinterested persons to take the bird outside the city and release it. The pigeon flew to the loft of the plaintiff, and the judge decided that that was sufficient proof that the bird belonged to the former.

Each division of the Boston police force is to be supplied with a long wooden pole, to which in the daytime will be attached a blue pennant, marked "police," and at night a blue lantern, which will be carried to direct for the purpose of indicating where the superior officer can be found, the pole being shifted as occasion may require.

A family, consisting of a man and his wife and child, are living in the trunk of a redwood tree, near Healdsburg, Cal. A San Francisco daily says: "They appear to be well cultured, claim to be from Oregon, and are too poor to pay rent for a house. The man does odd jobs on the neighboring farms, and the boy traps foxes and coons and sells their skins.

The natural cunning of the fox was shown at New Ipswich, N. H. A fox that was started by a hunter ran directly to a pond and passed around the edge on the ice as near the open water as possible. The dogs followed closely, and, coming upon weak ice, broke through, and but for help given them would have drowned. Meantime Reynard escaped to a place of safety.

Mr. Gladstone has an unconquerable aversion to smoking. It is recorded that once he was offered and accepted a cigarette from the Prince of Wales. He did not find the result encouraging, and has never been induced to repeat the experiment. There was a time when Mr. Gladstone's dislike for the weed went so far as to prevent its introduction in any shape to Hawarden Castle.

MORE THAN ALL.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

One kiss from thee
Is more to me
Than all another's life could be;
One loving gaze
To bless my days,
I prize above the wide world's praise.

One wooing word
From thy lips heard
Is sweeter than a tuneful bird;
One tender thought
With more bliss fraught
Than all the joys the years have brought.

The Black Ghost.

BY CYRIL BENNETT.

WHEN my friend, Bernard Courtenay, offered to tell me a ghost story, I declined with thanks. I said that I was weary of supernatural visitants and their supposed antics, and that if it would really be an intense gratification to him to relate a story of some kind, I should prefer his selecting a less hackneyed subject.

But when he assured me that this particular narrative was absolutely true, and that the ghost he was acquainted with differed from the majority in being black, I magnanimously consented to hear his story.

I reflected, too, that if the warmth of the room and the somewhat monotonous tone of my good friend's voice were to exercise a mesmeric effect upon me—as seemed likely enough—he might possibly, owing to the dimness of the firelight, remain in blissful ignorance of the fact, and at the end of the performance we should both be equally pleased.

On this occasion, however, contrary to my custom, I did not at once succumb to these somnolent influences; a circumstance so remarkable as to inspire me with the belief that Bernard's black ghost might prove an interesting acquaintance to others besides myself. I therefore tell the tale to the best of my recollection.

September 20, 18—, was a memorable but uncomfortable day at Langbourn Priory, particularly to Squire Langbourn's only daughter Greta.

On that day her first proposal was made to her, in the ivy-bowered walk leading from the house to the tennis-ground, by no less a personage than Sir James Bracklethorpe, a rich baronet and a terrible bore.

Poor Greta replied spasmodically in her fright that she was very much obliged to him—it was very good of him—but she really didn't think—he must forgive her—but—she was certain she couldn't—she was very sorry—it was quite impossible—and then she broke down and began to cry; whereupon Sir James, feeling very awkward, stammered out that he was afraid he'd startled her—there was no hurry about it if she'd like to think it over—and so forth; which did not appear to console her in the least.

He then betook himself to the Squire, made his proposal to him in a concise fashion, and received an entirely favorable response.

In fact, the Squire was delighted at this turn of affairs; and when Sir James informed him that his daughter had appeared considerably less so, he answered promptly:

"Oh stuff! You leave her to me. I'll stand none of her nonsense, and so I'll know her pretty soon. A fine state of things for a girl like that to be having opinions of her own! When I was a lad young people did as they were told; and I'll have it so now, or I'll know why not."

Now, Sir James had no sooner gone into the house to seek this interview with the Squire, than Bernard Courtenay entered the bower-walk from the other end, and here he found poor Greta in tears. How sorry he was! How hard he tried to comfort her! How anxious he was to know what could be the matter!

"It's that h—hor—rid Sir James," she sobbed piteously. "Oh, Mr. Courtenay, I can't b—bear him!"

Singularly enough, neither could Mr. Courtenay. Indeed, he vowed solemnly that the baronet was the most thundering ass he had ever seen; and he meant it.

In a few moments he had learned what had happened, and in a few moments more Greta was effectually comforted. Moreover, she had earnestly promised that, happen what might, she never would have anything to do with that dreadful, conceited Sir James, who didn't seem to believe that she could possibly intend to refuse him; and that, no matter what might be her father's opinion on the subject, she would have a great deal to do—for ever after—with Mr. Bernard Courtenay, who could talk about her favorite books, and who understood pictures, and who cared nothing at all about those stupid foxes, over one of which she was sure papa would break his precious neck some day.

It sounded a little odd to hear her talk of papa breaking his neck over a fox, but everybody knows that, in such agitating moments, one may talk any rubbish and be thought an angel.

This was highly satisfactory so far. But, unfortunately, Bernard was not wealthy, and the Squire had rather unjustly called him a bookworm the very first evening his son Ned had brought his friend home with him from college.

The prospect therefore was anything but hopeful, for if once the Squire set a man down as a bookworm, it went hard with that man if ever he wanted a favor of the pig-headed old gentleman.

Then it must be confessed that Bernard was a bad shot, and that he could not bring himself even to pretend to a liking for fox hunting, so of course the sporting Squire's contempt for him was unspeakable.

Marry his daughter to a fellow who went round by the gate? Not he! But Sir James was an excellent and an inveterate huntsman, and what more could a fond parent desire in a son-in-law?

Greta and Bernard fully realized their difficulties and discussed them anxiously.

"I tell you what," exclaimed Greta with sudden hope. "Let's ask Ned to help us. You've no idea how clever he is with papa. I always go to him when papa's more tiresome than usual."

The suggestion was promptly acted upon. Ned was discovered in the billiard room practising a difficult stroke over and over again, with a tenacity of purpose which would have enchanted his tutors if that side of his character had ever been disclosed to them.

He manifested his usual good nature when the lovers took him into their confidence, but his view of the situation was scarcely reassuring.

He had already been informed compliacently by Sir James that he would soon have the felicity of owning his august self as a brother in law, the Squire having freely bestowed his daughter's hand upon him.

Ned had been almost too much overwhelmed with the weight of this unsought honor to make a becoming reply, and he had barely recovered from his astonishment when he was summoned to his father's presence and informed in a most emphatic manner of the parental will.

"And look you here, Ned," said the Squire in conclusion, "I'll have no shilly-shallying from Greta about this business, and so I tell you. And you'd better get that bookworm of a fellow away sharp; he's been here quite long enough dangling about after her. Do you hear?"

"You know," said Ned ruefully, when he had finished imparting this disheartening intelligence, "it's not a bit of good going against the governor when he's in that pleasant frame of mind, so I didn't try it on. I'll do anything I can to get you out of this mess, Greta, but I don't see my way very clearly just at present."

A long conference between the allies led to a no more satisfactory conclusion. Poor Greta was weary and overwrought with so many exciting scenes.

Her head ached and she was sick at heart. At last she left Bernard and Ned together, and wandered away by herself down the ivy-bowered walk in the cool evening air.

It was nearly time to dress for dinner. Greta sauntered down the path, still brooding on her troubles and trying vainly to see some way of escape.

She gazed vacantly at the opening at the end of the walk, which, shrouded in mist, might have been a window through which the old yew-tree on the other side of the tennis-lawn was dimly visible like a grim, gaunt spectre.

As she fixed her eyes upon it, thinking the while on very different matters, she was startled by seeing a black shadow glide past the opening, so as momentarily to hide the tree from her sight.

Greta paused, half inclined to turn back, but she rebuked herself for her childish fear and went on resolutely. She told herself that her senses must have deceived her, but she had hardly done so when the figure reappeared.

This time she saw it more distinctly. It hesitated a second at the end of the walk and then came towards her. She stood still and awaited its approach.

A few minutes afterwards Greta burst in to the billiard-room in a state of great excitement.

"What in the world's the matter?" exclaimed Ned. "My dear girl, you look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"So I have," she replied with something between a laugh and a sob. "So I have, but it's a black one!"

Bernard evinced some concern at this announcement, for he feared lest her unaccustomed experiences this afternoon had been already too much for her.

"It is nothing," he said soothingly. "It couldn't have been anything. You're tired: it's your fancy."

But Greta, disregarding this well-meant consolation, went on eagerly:

"Ned! I've got something to tell you. Ned, do listen!"

Ned did listen, and the result of Greta's communication was a consultation so long that the usual time allowed for dressing for dinner was considerably curtailed; consequently she came down late.

The punctual Squire was displeased; and the Squire's displeasure was never hidden under a bushel, but was heard and felt and seen of men and women alike.

This fact was in itself sufficient to account for Greta's palpable nervousness during dinner; and she suffered from yet another source of annoyance, for Sir James was seated on her right hand, his complacent, jubilant air, and his patronizing manner, exasperating her to an indescribable extent.

If she had assured him of her entire devotion, he could not have appeared more sublimely conscious of victory. Bernard looked revengeful, and ate little. Ned, however, was in excellent spirits, and talked more than usual.

"I say, Sir James," he began, in one of those awkward pauses which sometimes afflict a whole dinner-table, "you remember that awfully pretty little housemaid we had when you were here two or three years ago?"

"Pahfectly," replied the baronet, turning and staring stonily at Ned through his eyeglass. "An extremely interesting young pahson."

"Yes; we used to say that if we were to dress her up and bring her into the drawing-room there would be some jealousy excited amongst the ladies. She left us to be married, you know; but a terribly sad thing happened afterwards."

Here the Squire made a desperate attempt at starting a conversation at the other end of the table. In vain. Everybody wanted to hear what had happened to the pretty little housemaid.

"You know, we have a haunted room here," continued Ned, taking care not to see his father's frown. "Well, Rachel slept there the very night before she left us, and——"

"Ned!" called out the Squire, who had grown very red in the face. "Stop talking that nonsense. Haunted room indeed! No such thing."

It would never do to alarm Sir James with family legends so early in his courtship.

Ned looked mildly surprised, and lapsed into silence. No more was said on the subject just then; but when the Squire was once again engrossed in conversation with other visitors to the Priory, who were seated on either side of him, Greta said softly:

"Wouldn't you like to pass a night in the haunted room, Sir James? Lots of people do it to show they're not afraid."

Sir James did not seem at all impatient to display his heroic disposition.

"Well, rahly—a——" he began doubtfully.

"Mr. Courtenay slept there the other night," continued Greta, with an innocent air. "He didn't mind it at all."

"Never had such a good night in my life," put in Bernard, in a somewhat vicious tone.

The more the baronet patronized Greta the more savage Bernard became.

"I do wish you'd try it, Sir James," she resumed in her sweetest tones. "Just for one night."

What could the baronet do but consent? He felt anything but comfortable, however, for he had no taste whatever for haunted rooms; and his fears were by no means allayed after dinner, when Ned took him into the sombre hall and asked his advice concerning the disposal of a new case of stuffed birds.

"I tell you what," said Ned suddenly, as they stood together in front of the wide, old-fashioned fireplace; "I wouldn't sleep in that room to-night if I were you. I'm not superstitious, but it's an awfully funny thing how often one finds legends come true. There's something fatal in that room, I do believe."

"Indeed—a—what makes you think so? That gahl now—what happened to her?"

"I'll tell you another time," replied Ned evasively. "It's a bad thing to discuss the supernatural in the evening—apt to make you dream, you know."

Here they were joined by Greta.

"I hope you're not dissuading Sir James from sleeping in the west room," she said petulantly. "I do so want to know if there really is a ghost there. Mr. Courtenay did as I asked him at once."

Poor Sir James! There was nothing for it but to express an equal readiness to serve her.

Just before retiring to rest Greta called Ned aside.

"Ned," she said anxiously, "you don't think there's any real fear, do you? You don't think it will hurt him?"

"Oh, bosh, Greta! Do you want to marry Courtenay or don't you?"

At the same moment Sir James was saying to the Squire:

"Good-night—a—a—by the way, Ned was telling me about that pretty housemaid of yours. What happened to her? She came from our parish, you know. My sister will be interested in hearing about her."

"Died suddenly," replied the Squire. "But don't you believe any of that stuff about a haunted room; there's nothing of the kind here. The girl died some time after she left us."

The baronet plucked up heart. Ned conveyed him to the ill-fated room immediately afterwards. Meanwhile Bernard acquainted the Squire with his intention of leaving the Priory next day, a piece of news which the old gentleman received with equanimity.

That night the Squire slept soundly according to his wont, but contrary to his custom, he awoke at about one o'clock with a loud cry ringing in his ears. What could be the matter?

He sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes, and listened. All was still. Perhaps he had been dreaming. At all events, he would satisfy himself that there was nothing wrong.

The moon was shining brightly into the room, for the Squire was an old-fashioned gentleman who liked to wake early in the morning—though not quite so early as this—and therefore slept with his blinds up.

So he rose and went to his door. It opened on to the great oak staircase, and as he stood in the doorway the pale light behind him illuminated the passage immediately in front of him, all beyond remaining wrapt in impenetrable gloom.

At first the whole house seemed still, but presently he heard the opening and shutting of a distant door; then he distinctly heard footsteps—indeed, he even fancied he could detect the sound of whispering voices—and immediately afterwards he saw the glimmering of a light at the further end of the passage.

"Who's there?" called the Squire, fearing burglars at the very least.

On the instant the light was extinguished, but the footsteps came nearer, and Ned's voice exclaimed:

"Hullo! there's the light gone out. Who's that? Is it you, father?"

"Yes. What in the name of fortune are you up to at this time of night? I thought I heard somebody call out."

"So did I; but everything seems quiet. It must have been Sir James in a nightmare, I think. However, I've been listening outside his door, and there isn't a sound. Hadn't you better go back to bed, sir? You'll take cold. It's awfully cold out here."

Thereupon Ned, clad in his dressing-gown, emerged into the faint light at his father's door, and made as though he would lead him back into his room. But the Squire was not yet altogether reassured.

"You're positive it's all right?" he said. "Weren't you talking to somebody just now? Who was it?"

"Courtenay heard me go by and put his head out to ask what was up; that was all."

"Bless my soul!" cried the Squire suddenly, starting and clutching his son's arm violently. "What's that, Ned? Look! look!"

"What do you mean? I don't see anything."

"There—down the stairs. Look! Past those panels where the moonlight falls—a black thing—stop it, Ned—catch it—there—now it's gone!"

The moon had shone out more brightly at that moment, and the Squire had seen a dark form glide swiftly down the stairs.

"You're dreaming," said Ned. "You're not properly awake yet. Do go into your room, sir, and get back to bed."

catch your death of cold. Let me have a match to light my candle, and I'll go and see if there is any one about. I wouldn't mind betting you it was your shadow—or mine—if it wasn't a dream."

"It wasn't a shadow, upon my soul," gasped the Squire. "It was a thing that moved of itself."

Too terrified to resist, he allowed himself to be led back to bed, Ned urging him to be quiet so as not to alarm their guests. For some time he lay awake listening anxiously, but he heard nothing more except hasty footsteps which he took to be his son's.

Presently Ned looked in again, and told him that silence reigned all over the house, and that he had been able to discover no apparition, tangible or intangible, black or white.

By this time the Squire had begun to persuade himself that he really had been dreaming, and, having comforted himself with this belief, he soon fell asleep.

By morning light the foolish fancies of the dark seem more foolish still. On going down to breakfast, he found Greta down before him, making the tea.

He had had no opportunity yesterday of demanding her submission to his will, but he did so now in his usual emphatic manner, and he was both surprised and pleased to discover that, though she made no promise of obedience, she offered no actual opposition to the marriage planned for her.

The entrance of the other guests prevented his pressing her further. Soon the whole party were assembled at breakfast, with the single exception of Sir James, whose place still remained empty.

At first this fact was ignored, but as time passed on the Squire became uneasy. Sir James was an early riser; nothing but illness could have kept him in bed so long.

A servant was despatched to inform him of the lateness of the hour, but the man speedily returned saying that he had knocked loudly at the baronet's door and received no answer.

"Sound asleep, I suppose," said the Squire.

Yet he could not stifle his vague alarm. Breakfast came to an end, and still no Sir James appeared.

"Ned," said the Squire, "you go and see if you can make him hear."

Ned departed. In due course he came back with the report that he had knocked vainly at the door of the west room, and that, hearing no response, he had tried to open it.

It was evident, however, that it was locked on the inside. Had they not better unlock the other door, he asked, and get in that way?

The Squire hastily agreed, and went off himself to the baronet's room, followed closely by Greta, Bernard, and Ned. He was far too frightened to stop to blame those who had induced his guest to pass the night in the haunted chamber.

Having tried the door as unsuccessfully as his son had done, he made his way to the adjoining bedroom, and asked for the key of the door which connected the two rooms.

"Here it is, papa," said Greta. "I had this door locked up last evening."

The Squire turned the key in the lock and entered the room in ill-concealed trepidation. The blinds were down and the curtains drawn, so that, although the sun was now high in the heavens, it was here almost dark.

Ned lost no time in drawing back one of the curtains, and all glanced instinctively at the bed. It had evidently been slept in, but it was now empty.

"He must have got out of the window in the night," said Ned. "This other door is locked on the inside."

Greta drew back the blinds and looked at the windows.

"They are both fastened," she said. "He couldn't have got out that way."

"He m—must have got out at this door, then," stammered the Squire.

"That appears to have been locked on the outside and the key taken away," observed Bernard gravely. "No: depend upon it there is some mystery here."

"Why—bless my soul—man must be somewhere—deuce take me!" ejaculated the Squire in bewilderment.

"Let us hope that it may not have taken him," said Bernard fervently.

A careful search all over the room failed either to discover the missing man or to throw any light on his fate. His things were strewn about as usual, for the baronet was anything but a tidy man.

"There are his clothes!" exclaimed the Squire. "He must have gone away as he was. What in the world can have happened to him? Ned! Courtenay!" he cried, growing desperate. "What in the name of fortune are we to do now?"

"Have him looked for all over the place, and, if he's not to be found, telegraph to his people to ask if he's turned up at home," said Ned readily.

These practical suggestions were promptly acted upon. Sir James being nowhere to be found, the Squire repaired to the library and despatched a telegram. He then reminded Ned of the apparition which he himself had seen the night before, Bernard meanwhile listening attentively.

"Excuse me, but what was the spirit like?" he asked, when the Squire paused.

"Did you say it was black?"

"Spirit, sir? Spirit? Don't know anything about spirits," was the reply. "The thing I saw was certainly black, spirit or not."

"Ah, that looks bad," murmured Bernard.

"W—what d'you m—ean, sir? W—what the d—deuce d'you mean?"

"Oh, nothing; only I've had some experience in these matters, and I know the black ones to be the most malignant. I laid one at a house a short time ago—I have some power in that way. You know I slept in your haunted room the other night, and nothing appeared then."

Here one of the gardeners looked in at the window.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," he said, addressing himself to the Squire, "they say there be something wrong, and the gentleman as was here yesterday not to be found nowhere. So I jus' come for to stay as I see a que'r thing las' evening as I was a-going down to them greenhouses—a que'r black thing that jus' went by quick like, and then when I look again ther' wasn't nothin' at all to be seen, sir.

O ce more the Squire shudderingly recalled the dark form that had glided swiftly past the patch of moonlight on the old oak panels.

Here was unexpected confirmation of his belief in the objective existence of the spectre. It had certainly been no vision, but a terrible reality.

He charged the man to say nothing to any one else of what he had seen, but he had little hope that a wonder-loving neighborhood would not speedily learn the whole story of the ghost seen by the gardener, and the mysterious disappearance of the baronet, duly seasoned with the spiciest exaggerations.

Ned's next observation, though small comfort at the moment, yet gave some prospect of obtaining relief from ghostly visitants in future.

"I told Sir James last evening," he said, "that he had much better be warned by me, and change his mind about sleeping in the west room, but he paid no attention to it. Courtenay having passed a night there safely, he thought he could do the same. Now, that was a different thing altogether. Courtenay really has a peculiar power over spirits. No one will ever let him be present at a seance in town because his just being there stops all the manifestations."

Ned did not add, as he might have done, that Bernard was a clever conjuror, and that he had once caught a supposed materialized spirit, and, greatly to his agony, had turned on the gas to illumine his agitated countenance at an inconvenient moment.

"Then I wish to goodness he'd stay here a bit and put a stop to all this foolery," was the reply of the bewildered Squire, as he thought with dismay of the spiritual istic reputation which the Priory was earning for itself.

Bernard did not appear to jump at the suggestion, but he observed quietly:

"It is true, as I said just now, that I have considerable power in that line. Indeed, I am in a position to inform you that Sir James is perfectly safe, and that you will hear from him very shortly. He has simply been removed. This is a trick that the spirits are very fond of performing. There are cases on record of persons having been—"

"But what's to be done?" interrupted the Squire. "If you're up to their ways, can't you get rid of them for us?"

"In time, no doubt, it could be managed, but I should have to sleep in the west room for a few weeks at the least."

"Is that all? Come on then! Sleep there weeks, months, years—anything to rid the place of this infernal nuisance."

"Well, I don't know," said Bernard coolly. "I'm not sure that I can spare the time at present."

The Squire began to implore. Bernard merely replied that he would consider the matter, and nothing could induce him to commit himself further.

While he remained thus obstinately undecided, a telegram arrived from Sir James informing the Squire that he had arrived at his own house, that he was unable to return to the Priory, and that he would be glad to have his belongings sent after him without delay. No explanation whatever was given of his hasty and extraordinary departure.

The Squire trepidation and mystification being by no means lessened by this communication, he continued at intervals throughout the day to entreat Bernard to prolong his stay at the Priory indefinitely, hoping that, the ghost once satisfactorily exorcised, the baronet might allow himself to be so far pacified as to return to his allegiance to Greta; but Bernard would only promise to remain one night longer. That night he passed in the haunted room, and the next morning, no ghost having ventured even to rustle or moan meanwhile, he distinctly stated the only terms on which he was willing to complete his task.

He declared himself to be in love with Greta; her hand must be the price of his intercession in the spirit-world in behalf of the Squire's freedom from molestation.

It is doubtful if this ultimatum would have been accepted had not the Squire received a letter from the baronet, transcribed in shaky characters, and displaying extreme confusion of mind in its composition, in which he assured his late host that his hospitable mansion was the very stronghold of—well, of the aristocratic gentleman whom he and Greta Squire were given to invoking on important or irritating occasions—and that he must positively decline all connection with a family thus leagued with the powers of darkness.

That settled the matter. The Squire no longer resisted the united entreaties of his son, his daughter, and his guest. The conspirators triumphed.

Meanwhile, what had been the experiences of the unhappy baronet? They were briefly these. When conducted by Ned to the haunted chamber, Sir James carefully examined its every nook and corner. It was long and narrow, and so plainly furnished that the inspection was very quickly accomplished.

There were two windows, one of which faced the bed; over it hung a venetian blind, but no curtain. The other window, however, boasted of a heavy curtain drawn right across it.

The baronet's search disclosed no possible hiding-place. Only one thing in the haunted chamber struck him as being at all unusual.

Down the wall, close by the side of the bed, hung a curtain of similar color and texture to that covering the further window.

On lifting this, he found that it concealed a tall mirror, and was so secured at the top that it could not be altogether drawn aside. Ned explained that many people considered the mirror a ghostly appendage, and it had therefore been covered with the curtain.

This mystery solved, Sir James took care to place a candle and some matches within easy reach of his bed, and by the time Ned left him, he had succeeded in persuading himself that he was about to prove possessed of an equal capacity with Bernard Courtenay for defying the supernatural.

At a few minutes before one o'clock, the baronet was in a sound sleep which might have lasted till daybreak had no untimely interruption occurred. He was aroused, however, by feeling himself grasped roughly by the arm.

Before he was fully awake, a cold wind blew on his face. He sat up and looked about him. Sufficient moonlight found its way through the venetian blind to show him faintly the end of the room in which he lay, but the further end was enveloped in darkness.

Seeing nothing to account for his sensations, he struck a light, intending, doubtless, to explore the whole apartment. But as he got up hastily, candle in hand, a white figure armed with a light seemed to make a spring at him from the side of the bed.

The shock caused him to utter a loud cry and to drop the candle, which fell to the floor and was extinguished. For a few seconds the baronet was too much terrified to move, but as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, he perceived what had occasioned him alarm. He had seen himself reflected in the mirror.

This discovery, though tranquillizing at first, was calculated to perplex him afresh as soon as he was able to collect his thoughts, for Sir James must then have remembered that when he had gone to bed the mirror had been entirely covered by the thick curtain which was now drawn away and looped up so as to expose the greater part of the mirror to view. He picked up the candle and relighted it.

As he did so a low moan was audible, but when he paused to listen, all was still. In a nervous tremor from head to foot, he went down the room and looked timidly behind the curtain covering the further window. There was nothing there, but whilst letting the curtain fall back again, his candle was blown out.

Turning in dismay to discover the perpetrator of the mischief, Sir James became aware of a mysterious presence. A black figure stood between him and the firelight—a tall, motionless form, only dimly distinguishable against the pale rays from the window.

This time the baronet did not cry out, perhaps because all power of uttering a sound had deserted him. And so the two figures—the black one darkening the light, the white one visible in the darkness—stood facing one another during a brief space of awful silence. Then the spectre raised a threatening black arm, and spoke in low, piercing tones.

"Have no fear," it said. "Do as I bid you and you shall be permitted to depart unharmed; disobey, and you are lost."

If the baronet had any wish to make an appropriate reply he lacked the capability, for he remained mute. The apparition continued in a slow, monotonous chant, as if it were pronouncing some solemn incantation:

"Leave this house instantly and swear to hold no further communication with its inmates, beyond informing them that your return is impossible. Swear it, or the doom you know of awaits you."

The black figure turned a little towards the light, and its face was disclosed. The trembling baronet recognized the features. It was the face of the girl Rachel, not rounded, blooming, glowing with health, as he remembered it, but thin, wan, and ghastly white. In quivering accents he gasped:

"I s—swear."

"Go then," said the spectre, "and reveal to no one what you have seen, or you perish."

It pointed towards the door. The baronet obeyed, but when he reached the door, he stood still as if dazed. He then controlled himself sufficiently to grope for the handle and turn it, but he must have forgotten that he had locked it, for he made no attempt to unfasten it.

Some minutes elapsed before he succeeded in letting himself out, and then he was brought to himself by encountering Ned armed with a candle.

"Thought I heard you knocking about," said Ned. "What's the matter?"

The baronet's only reply was:

"Give me a light; I must go instantly."

Ned led him back to his room. Everything there was just the same as it had been when Sir James went to bed, except that the candle lay on the floor where he had dropped it in his fright.

To Ned's questions he returned no answer. He merely asked to be helped on with his clothes and to be let out of the house. His request was granted.

Before the servant packed the baronet's belongings on the following day, Ned removed to his own room the suit of clothes that the Squire had observed in the haunted room. It strongly resembled a suit worn at the Priory by Sir James.

Shortly after these singular events had transpired, Bernard began to exhibit an unprecedented devotion to sport, and so speedily succeeded in winning the Squire's approbation, that by the time the wedding took place the two were very firm friends.

Some months later, Sir James Brackiethorpe and his sister were spending a few days at a friend's house.

"Have you heard anything of the Langbourns lately?" asked their loquacious hostess of Miss Brackiethorpe one day at luncheon.

"Nothing at all. I was not aware that you knew them."

"Oh yes. I was very intimate with them once, but I have not seen them for many years now. I had a letter from Mrs. Courtenay last week about a servant—a girl that was brought up in your parish—a Rachel Hunt. I helped to get a place for her a little while ago, and she is doing very well. There was rather a curious story told about her. She married a groom at the Abbey and went to Australia with him. He died there, but by a mistake in the telegram sent home, it was supposed to be Rachel herself that was dead. Mrs. Courtenay said she got quite a fright the first time she saw the poor thing after her return to England, especially as she was a good deal altered by her troubles. The villagers had attributed her death to her having passed a night in the haunted chamber; but I know a secret about that. There are two doors to the room, and the young people used to play practical jokes by covering one doorway with a mirror, fastened only at the top, and hanging a curtain over it. It was quite easy then for a ghost to get in through the hidden door by pushing forward the mirror. There used to be double doors there once, but the one next the haunted room had been taken off, so that there was plenty of space behind the mirror."

"Hullo, Brackiethorpe, what's the matter?" cried the host to Sir James, who was choking violently.

"It's—it's a c—crumb gone the wrong way," gasped the unhappy baronet.

No Romance.

BY T. H. C.

I WISH you hadn't agreed to go to Mrs. Larby's, my poor Madge," said Emma Verdon, shaking her head gravely at the quiet figure in gray, seated in rather pensive attitude on the other side of the hearthrug. "It is not correct to abuse one's husband's relatives; but as everyone says that her children are utterly spoiled, I suppose I may say so too?"

If Margaret Ames sighed, it was so softly that her companion heard nothing but the cheerful tones in which she replied:

"Beggars must not be choosers, Mrs. Verdon. I want a situation badly, and as my accomplishments are few, I must be thankful that Mrs. Larby consents to take me. I daresay I is all get on very well; I did at Mrs. Stanford Brown's."

"Because you let them work you to death—or at least into a low fever. Dear me, what an odd world this is! Here am I"—and Mrs. Verdon folded her ringed hands on her lap, and contemplated them with satisfaction—"here am I, not half as good and clever as you are, yet blest with a good husband, a comfortable income, a pretty home, and everything, in fact, I can wish for except children, while you are alone in the world——"

"Not alone," cried Miss Ames, warmly, "while I have generous friends, who no sooner hear that I am ill, than they bring me here, and nurse me back to health."

"My dear Madge, we should have been brutes if we had not done as much as that for you. Aren't you one of George's especial favorites? Only the other day he told me that I had twice proved myself a sensible woman—first, in my choice of a friend; secondly, in that of a husband."

Madge Ames laughed with Mrs. Verdon, and mentally conceded that the light-hearted little matron was indeed blest with many worldly advantages. But she was too unselfish to envy her; and though her own lot was a thorny one, she did not murmur.

"You ought to have married years ago," said Mrs. Verdon, dogmatically.

"And left my invalid father? Impossible!"

"And the result is, that at nine-and-twenty you are"—"faded and spiritless," Mrs. Verdon was about to say, but checked herself—"you are doing schoolroom drudgery, and degenerating into—into——"

"An old maid," interposed Margaret. "Don't be afraid to say it; there are worse fates in the world than that of spinsterhood."

"But there are better. I should like to see you married, and so would George; and if you have outlived the romantic tendencies on which I used to tease you at school, I don't see why——"

"Go on!" said Miss Ames, repressing a smile. "There's no romance left in my composition now."

"Well, then, dear, why shouldn't you marry Mr. Hayleigh? You like him, I know, because he is quiet and gentlemanly. He cannot be as old as he looks, for he and George were at Charterhouse together. He hasn't a relative left, for I heard him tell my husband that during the ten years he spent at a merchant's office at Bombay, one after another dropped off, till none remained to welcome him after his long absence.

"I thought I heard him say he should go back to Bombay."

"Because he is so lonely here; but if he could meet with some well meaning, sensible, prudent woman, who would be content with the moderate competency his pension secures him, I think he would prefer to stay in England."

"Has he said so?"

"Well, not positively; but, to be frank with you, Madge, my husband and I have discussed the subject several times during the three weeks Mr. Hayleigh has been with us, and we have agreed that it would be an excellent thing for both of you."

But Madge shook her head.

"Seeing that I have spent, in my bedroom, the greater part of the time Mr. Hayleigh has been here, and that he is too shy or too reserved to talk to me when I do make an appearance in the drawing-room, we certainly have not had many opportunities of getting acquainted. All he knows of me is that I am sickly and sallow; all I know of him is that he wears the shabbiest of coats, and buries himself in a book or a newspaper, instead of giving us the descriptions of India I should like to hear."

"You might add, that he walked to the town in a pelting shower to get the grapes he heard that you fancied, and his eyes grew moist when we thought you were threatened with a relapse. Moreover, he always listens delightedly whenever you sing those queer old ballads, which you certainly do uncommonly well. But that's neither here nor there. You want a home; Allan Hayleigh requires a housekeeper. Then why should you not spend the rest of your lives together?"

Madge reddened and drew a long breath.

"It would be a great venture for both parties."

"If you were young and foolish—yes. As you are prudent and practical—no. You would be better off as Mrs. Hayleigh than as nursery governess at Mrs. Larby's, liable to be turned away at a month's notice. Now, don't be romantic and repeat the old truisms about marriage without love, etc. but promise to think it over coolly and sensibly."

While Mrs. Verdon was talking to her friend by the drawingroom fire, Mr. Verdon was sounding his, over the cigar in which he indulged ere they left the dining room.

"I would rather stay in England than go back to India." Mr. Hayleigh admitted. "But then I have degenerated into a fidgety, prosy old batchelor! Would such a woman as Miss Ames endure with my habits, and the quiet country life she would have to share?"

"I should think it would be paradise to her, after a London schoolroom, or the dreary lodging from which my wife and I brought her. She is a grateful little soul, and if you treated her well I am sure she would make you all the return in her power."

"It sounds horribly selfish to meditate marriage for no better reasons than because one is tired of drifting about the world, and would like one's comforts studied!"

"Pshaw! If we men did not look after ourselves who would look after us? Better be dependent on a wife than a mere hireling, who would throw up her berth as a better one offered. By the way, you might settle down near us if you felt inclined. About a half a mile nearer the town there is a pretty snug cottage to let, standing in a charming garden, so that you could grow your own roses and cabbages. The rent is moderate, the situation cheerful, and the rooms quite large enough for a couple with small means."

Mr. Hayleigh smoked out his cigar before replying, but when the servant announced that coffee was served in the drawing-room, he said quietly:

"I'll go and see that cottage to-morrow; and if you think I shall not be refused, I'll ask Miss Ames to go with me."

* * * * * *

When Mrs. Verdon announced to her mother and sisters that Madge had declined Mrs. Larby's situation, because she was going to be married to Mr. Hayleigh, she was heard with a burst of mocking laughter.

"So you have turned match-maker, Em!" exclaimed her mother, "and succeeded in your first essay. Your next efforts had better be made for one or other of these girls, who are plaguing me to death with their extravagance."

Mrs. Verdon, who had been adopted and regarded by an aunt, and did not admire the tendency to be fast displayed by her sisters, drew in her lips.

"I am no match-maker, mamma; neither should I care to recommend as wives any girls who fail in their duty as daughters."

"Don't preach, if you please!" cried Sophy, pertly. "We are not prudes and puritans, if you are. But tell us what put it into your head to bring such an old maid and bachelor together. How amusing it will be to see them trotting up the church! Such a 'charming' young couple! I wouldn't miss the sight for anything!"

"There will be no sight and no bridesmaids," she was promptly informed. "Madge will be married in a bonnet and travelling-dress, and then go home to her own house."

"What no bridal trip at all!" exclaimed Charlotte, Mrs. Vernon's younger sister.

"It is to be deferred for a few weeks, at the end of which time business will call Mr. Hayleigh to London, and he will take his bride with him."

"In a third-class carriage, to see St. Paul's and the tower, and perhaps ascend the Monument. How remarkably jolly!" sneered Sophy. "Theatres and concerts are dissipations too great for such elderly folks!"

"Madge Ames was very kind to me two years ago, when I was ill, and you were all in Scotland," Mrs. Vernon's mother interposed. "She came and stayed with me till I was better. I think we ought to make her a wedding present, though, really, your milliner's and dressmaker's bills keep me so poor I cannot afford it."

"Give her a cookery-book," suggested Charlotte; "it will be cheap and useful."

"Or a butter-dish," said Sophy.

"Or something to wear," cried Joan. "That's what I should like best it I were about to be married. You might spare her one of those dowdy shawls, my dear, of which you have such a choice in your wardrobe: their being out of date would be a recommendation to such an old fashioned bride as Miss Ames."

"What is your gift to be, Emma?" asked her mother.

"George will give Mr. Hayleigh an easy chair, and I intend to present Madge with her wedding-dress and bonnet."

"I hope you'll do the same for me when the happy moment arrives," was Sophy's flippant comment. "What is the gown to be—green merino or blue cashmere?"

A question Mrs. Verdon did not choose to answer.

She had already undergone a scene with her husband's sister, the lady whom her match-making had deprived of a governess.

Mrs. Larby had very much disparaged Madge, protesting that she only engaged her to oblige Mrs. Verdon; but she was highly indignant at being deprived of the services of a person whom she now regarded as a perfect treasure!

As for Madge, she was fluttered and anxious; not troubled with many doubts respecting Mr. Hayleigh, in whom she saw much to esteem, but afraid that she should not develop into as good a manager as a experienced woman would have been.

She confessed this to him.

"I hope you will be patient with me," she added, "till I have learned to be economical. If you will tell me exactly how much you can afford to let me spend in the house, I will do all in my power to keep within the limits."

"If you wear such a worried face as that I shall be driven to a diet of bread and water," was the amused reply. "But be comforted, for I am neither an ogre nor an epicure."

Madge laughed with him, though it was faintly. For the first time for many years her poverty oppressed her. Not even to the kind hearted Emma Verdon did she care to reveal that her purse was so empty as to render it impossible to procure the most modest trousseau.

"I think I ought to tell you," she said to Mr. Hayleigh, "that that I can bring you nothing but myself."

"Mrs. Verdon told me you had been dependent on your own exertions for years. Poor little woman!"

He spoke so sympathetically that she ventured to draw her chair nearer to his.

"I was not badly paid—at least not very badly; but my old nurse, who had generously given me a home when my father died, fell into great straits some time since, and I have looked upon it as a duty to give her all the help I could."

"Is she dead? No Then you had better send for her; there must always be room enough in our cottage for your friends—your true friends, Margaret."

Her eyes glistened, but she hesitated.

"It would not be fair to burden you with such a heavy expense. I am afraid nurse will never regain her strength."

"Then I shall have to take to smoking cheaper cigars. Don't you think you can keep house for two people and a couple of servants if I give you a hundred pounds a month? I will pay gardener and an odd boy."

Madge stared at him and gasped for breath.

"Mr. Hayleigh!"

"Call me Allan, please, it sounds less formal. What is it, my dear?"

"Do you know what you said?"

"Oh, yes; I will give you more by-and-by; but until the house I am building is finished we may as well live quietly—don't you think so?"

"I think there has been a great mistake," was the agitated reply. "Mrs. Verdon led me to understand that you had no other income than the pension and some small savings!"

"Perhaps I omitted to mention that one of the Hindoo Rajahs in return for some services I was able to render him, left me at his death a very handsome property. And, by the way, there are a few pearls in this box that you might like to wear."

And Madge found herself the possessor of a necklace and bracelet that surpassed any ornaments she had ever seen.

The next day some huge basket-trunks came from Paris directed to Miss Ames. Mr. Hayleigh had friends in that city who had been delighted to select and forward a trousseau for his bride. And it was one that sent the warm hearted Emma Verdon into raptures, and overwhelmed poor Madge with grateful joy and astonishment that anyone should think her worthy of such beautiful things.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayleigh were married and had gone home to their pretty cottage before any of their neighbors discovered that the middle aged bachelor was a wealthy man.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Bosley, vexedly, "what could Emma have been about? Such a chance as it would have proved for one of her sisters!"

"And how unfortunate for him to be persuaded into marrying such an uninteresting, out and-dried old maid as Margaret Ames!" added her daughter Joan.

"I beg your pardon!" said a gentleman visitor, who had been gossiping with Charlotte and Sophy and caught but a word or two of these remarks. "Were you speaking of the Allan Hayleigh who has bought the Broomfield estate? What a shrewd fellow he is, and what a charming woman his wife! I met her just now driving herself in the prettiest of carriages drawn by a pair of ponies that I have seldom seen equalled. Is there not some romance attached to their marriage?"

"Oh, no!" he was assured, "none at all!"

But happy Madge always thought to the contrary, and regarded her quiet, prosaic husband as the fairy prince who had turned all the clouds that darkened her girlhood into light and joy.

Few Superstitions.—To allay hemorrhage a toad, well dried in the sun and put into a bag, was hung round the neck by a string sufficiently low to touch the region of the heart, and a preparation of garlic and honey smeared on the person was said to act as a charm against the bites of dogs and reptiles or the sting of numerous insects, likewise affording their cure. Toothache could be charmed away by a few leaves of the "shepherd's purse," placed in the sole of the shoe on the reverse side of the body to that in which the tooth was aching. An excellent recipe for weak or sore eyes was the expressed juice of the calyx of the red honeysuckle, provided always that the flowers were gathered kneeling, repeating nine paternosters in honor of the Trinity nine more to "Our Ladye great" and a creed. Rest and sleep required after application.

Another prescription for the eyes much in favor with the Anglo-Saxons was a paste made of the strawberry plant and pepper, diluted with sweet wine. Children were passed through the split stem of a tree for the cure of the rickets, but the fracture must be afterwards bound up sufficiently tight to insure cohesion. For ague a very well salted herring, split open was applied, as hot as possible to the soles of the feet. It might also be mitigated by the habitual wearing round the neck of an emerald a gem equally potent in epilepsy. Precious stones were accredited with marvellous powers over the moral qualities and affections, as well as physical diseases—hence the origin of their being set in rings and worn. The teeth of old age were fixed firmly in the gums by an infusion of powdered jet; while water in which the beryl had been steeped affordeu a valuable wash for strengthening the eyes, besides insuring the mutual love of a wedded couple.

Discomforts of the Past.—Nowadays the workingman enjoys luxuries in furniture which were but three centuries ago beyond the reach of the king. Even in the time of Elizabeth the comfort of a carpet was seldom felt, and the luxury of a fork unknown.

Rushes commonly supplied the place of the former, and fingers were the invariable substitute of the latter. The bedding of this period is stated to have been straw pallets, or rough mats, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets made of skins of animals, and a good round log instead of a bolster or pillow.

A householder seven years after his marriage thought himself well lodged with a mattress of flock bed, and a sack of chaff for a pillow. Even "the lord of the town" seldom lay in a bed of down or whole feathers.

As for servants if they had any sheet above them, it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies to keep them from the pricking straws that ran out through the canvas of the pallet.

Again in Skipton Castle, one of the most splendid mansions of the north at this period, there were not more than seven or eight beds, nor had any of the chambers either chair, glasses, or carpets.

In a merchant's house, about the same period, we find the parlor had a wainscot, a table, and a few chairs; the chambers above had two "best beds," and there was one servant's be; but the inferior servants had only mattresses on the floor.

Yet this merchant is supposed to have been better supplied than the neighbouring gentry. His plate, however, consisted of sixteen spoons and a few goblet and ale pots.

Diner—"You have waited upon me very acceptably, and I have enjoyed my meal thoroughly. You have behaved like a gentleman, and a gentleman you certainly are, notwithstanding your humble occupation." Waiter—"I hope, sir, that I am a gentleman. I always try to be one." "It is as I suspected, and, being a gentleman, I shall not insult you by offering you money. Perhaps at some time I may be able to reciprocate your courtesy. Till then, farewell."

A visitor enters a French newspaper office and is greeted politely by the office-boy: "If monsieur comes to fight a duel, he will have to be kind enough to call again. All our editors are already engaged for to-day."

Some one asked a lady about a sermon. "Could you remember it?" "Remember it! La, no; the minister couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A Milwaukee clergyman who is acquainted with Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the House of Representatives, states that the Chaplain has no idea of time. He is liable, it is said, to preach for three straight hours, and he is so confused in regard to day and night that he is likely to start out at midnight for the purpose of making a social call.

Edward G. Freeth, aged 8, son of a New York jeweler, died on Monday under peculiar circumstances. About four weeks ago he was present when a playmate was run over and killed by a coal wagon. The circumstances made a deep impression upon the mind of young Freeth, and after he went home he could talk of nothing else for days. He gradually became exceedingly ill and wasted away until he died. The physician's certificate gave hydrocephalus as the cause of death.

A Sydney paper reports that during a severe storm at Louth, South Australia "chunks of ice as large as cricket balls fell to the streets. The Court House, Royal Hotel, Telegraph Hotel, and all buildings covered with iron roofs, were perforated by the falling hailstones. A number of dogs and other animals about the town were killed during the storm. Great damage was done to window glass and vegetation. For several days the mercury had been above 100 degrees in the shade."

A Brooklyn clergyman gives this prescription for insomnia: "I have tried every expedient for going to sleep, but I have never found any comparable to simple resolution. I stand at the gateway of my mind, resolutely shut out every thought that attempts to enter, and succeed. When they find they cannot get in they give it up and leave me. I am not always equally successful; but I can so generally go to sleep at any time on five minutes' notice, and if need be for five minutes' nap. There is a great power in a resolute I will. I believe few of us realize how much power there is in it."

In Pittsburg, one day this week, a police patrol sergeant and his driver were myst[illegible]fied on reaching the station, after answering a call and receiving a prisoner, to find the wagon empty. They could easily understand how the prisoner might have escaped had he been alone in the body of the wagon, but he had a policeman with him. While they were busy thinking out an explanation the missing couple put in an appearance and the blue coat unravelled the mystery. He said that the prisoner, suddenly arousing from the stupor into which he had fallen, dealt him a heavy blow in the face and then jumped out of the wagon and ran. He naturally enough quickly rushed after the man without stopping to notify the driver or sergeant, who didn't hear the fuss, because of the noise made by the wagon, and, of course, drove on.

Marie Therese, a French Sister of Mercy, has just received the Cross of the Legion of Honor at the hands of the Governor of Tonquin. This devoted woman was only 20 years of age when she received her first wound in the trenches at Sebastava. She was wounded again at the battle of Magenta. Later, with undaunted energy and courage, she pursued her chosen mission under her country's flag in Syria, China and Mexico. From the battle of Worth she was carried away suffering from serious injuries, and before she had recovered she was again performing her duties. On one occasion a grenade fell into her ambulance; she seized and ran with it for a hundred yards, whereby her patient's lives were saved, though she herself was severely injured by the bursting of the missile. The French troops, who were called out to witness the memorial scene of the bestowal of this honor upon a woman, presented arms to the heroine of the ceremony, and the Governor asked whether there was a divine man more deserving of the cross than "the wounded soldier's sister, mother and most devoted nurse."

A Mexican letter to a Cleveland paper says: If you chance to be a visitor at a Mexican "baile" quietly sitting on a bench minding your business and watching the snow, do not be surprised if some bewitching senorita, with raven hair and roguish eyes, trips lightly up to where you are sitting and unceremoniously smashes an egg over your head. Don't be alarmed or frightened, but take it all in good part. The egg is not addled, nor has it contents of any kind save some sort of sweet smelling perfume, sachet powder, or perhaps bits of fine gilt paper, all of which drops all out your head and shoulders in a perfect shower. This curious action is merely to show her preference for you, and means an invitation for you to get up and dance with her. The ceremony described is, to Mexican "bailes," as our German favors are to our ball rooms." This little diversion is carried to a harmless extravagance at times, especially at private "balls" parties, when the eggs, possessing much finer and more decorated in the most delicate extremes of art, often contain valuable presents, and even perhaps good [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

ADRIFT IN A BOAT.

BY B KER.

GERALD NORTHBROOKE and his three little sisters had just come to live at Singapore with their parents. Their delight at the funny-looking little native houses built on the water, and the picturesque dress of the Malays, was unbounded.

One afternoon Gerald wandered away from his sisters and the governess, and while dawdling close by the sea, saw a *prau* (Malay boat) moored beneath the shadow of a projecting bluff. As he was very sleepy and tired (for he had been "exploring" all day), and the boat looked comfortable, he slid into it, crept under the thwarts at the bow, and was soon lulled by the gentle lapping of the water into a deep dreamless sleep.

While he was sleeping so peacefully his family were in a terrible state of anxiety about him. The servants were sent out in search of him, and Mr. Northbrooke himself went to the police office to report the case. There was little sleep for any of the household that night.

"I know he's been eaten by a lion!" said little Lena, tossing to and fro in her bed.

"Or swallowed by a boa-constrictor!" cried Maud.

"Oh, yes," said Isabel; "Gerald has told told us all about the wild beasts that prowl about Singapore at night, and the dreadful serpents; so we know the truth, and can't be comforted."

When Gerald awoke, all was dark around him, and he was in the open sea.

He got up, rubbed his eyes, thinking he must be dreaming. Just then the moon broke through the clouds, and lit up the faces of three men at the stern of the boat.

To Gerald's horror, they were screaming and staring wildly at him, and suddenly one of them rushed towards him, brandishing his glittering dagger, the sight of which greatly cooled poor Gerald's enthusiasm for his beloved Malays, to whom he now found himself far closer than he liked.

The fact was that the same moonlight which showed the Malays to Gerald had also shown him to them, and they took the white-faced English boy for a ghost. They had got into their prau after dark to go out fishing, and had not seen him lying in the bow.

Gerald had most fortunately picked up some Malay on the voyage to Singapore, so when he heard the men repeating the word hantus! (ghost), he took in the situation at once, and before the terrible zigzag kreese (sword) was near enough to wound him, called out:

"Sala ta hantus. Sala anna laki puti, dan sala mow baggi ankow ringit." (I am no ghost. I am a white boy, and I will give you money."

At the magic word ringit (money), the Malay put back his kreese into the folds of his sarong (shirt), and, reaching out his other hand, tapped Gerald timidly on the shoulder to make sure that he was a living boy, and no ghost.

"Where is the money?" said he in Malay. "Give it to us now!"

A fearful thought flashed upon Gerald. Where was the money indeed? But after searching wildly in all his pockets he did manage to bring out a few coppers, and one or two small silver pieces, with a great deal of string, cake-crumbs, lumps of toffee, seaweed, and all the other miscellaneous rubbish with which a schoolboy's pockets are filled.

"I will give you this now," said he boldly; "and if you take me back safely to Singapore you shall have more—ever so much gold."

To his surprise the Malays seemed well satisfied for a few coppers would keep them for a week, as fruit, rice, and fish were cheap enough in their country.

After some talk amongst themselves, they managed to explain to him that they had to go to Johore to get some special kind of fish for the Singapore market but that they would bring him home the next evening.

Poor Gerald was by no means happy at the idea of being twenty-four hours more in the boat, but after a meal of bananas and rice which the Malays gave to him he felt somewhat resigned, and lay down again, keeping up his spirits by thinking what a hero he would be at Rugby, and picturing himself as the centre of a group of boys all eagerly listening to his thrilling adventures.

Before dawn the strong healthy lad had fallen asleep again. His second sleep, however, was not fated to last long, for he was rudely awakened by a loud crash and a clamor of many voices, and in another second the boat was capsized, and he and the Malays were struggling in the water. A larger boat had run into them, but the crew had sheered off without offering any help.

The three Malays kept by their boat, trying to right her; but Gerald, seeing the land near, struck out for it with all his strength.

He was a good swimmer, and soon reached the beach, but just as he was struggling up it a huge breaker tumbled him head over heels.

"Hullo! my young gentleman, this is certainly a very unceremonious way of entering my kingdom!"

Gerald looked up, and saw a tall stately figure bending over him, and offering a hand to help him up. The stranger was a Malay, but spoke very good English. He wore a purple and white turban, a jacket and sarong, and had handsome gold bracelets on his wrists.

"You are English, of course," went on the stranger. "There's no mistaking an English boy. What is your name?"

"Gerald Northbrooke. May I ask, sir, who you are?"

"I am the Maharajah of Johore," said he, smiling at Gerald's astonishment. "But you are wringing wet, so come along to my palace, and I will give you some dry clothes and a breakfast."

Gerald then told the Maharajah his adventures in the boat, at which his Highness laughed heartily.

"They'll be terribly frightened about me at home" added Gerald. "How can I get back?"

"They are getting up steam in my yacht now," said the Maharajah, "and she will be ready to start in an hour, so you will be home before your people will have had time to miss you."

While they were speaking they had been walking through a beautiful garden, and had now entered the palace, which was guarded by armed soldiers in gorgeous uniforms.

Gerald was led by native servants up a handsome staircase into a sumptuously furnished bedroom. But the clothes given to him were too big for his boyish figure, and he felt deeply thankful that his Rugby comrades would never know what a queer figure he had made before the Maharajah of Johore.

Our hero longed to step into the splendid reception rooms, of which he caught glimpses as he went down into the dining-room, where a breakfast of several courses was awaiting him.

The Maharajah came into the room when he had finished, saying:

"You must come to see me again before you go back to England, and then I'll show you my palace; but as the yacht is now ready, and your parents may be anxious about you, I am afraid we must say good bye for the present. By-the-bye, did you notice my life-sized portrait of Mr. Gladstone on the staircase?"

"I did, indeed, your Highness, and think it first-rate."

"I have stayed both with Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield in England, and like them very much. But good-bye now, and think twice before you trust yourself in a Malay prau again."

Gerald thanked the hospitable prince heartily for his kindness, and directly he was aboard the yacht she steamed off.

* * * * * *

"What can those guns be firing for?" cried Maud, running out on the verandah, which faced the harbor.

"There is the Maharajah of Johore's yacht coming alongside the pier, miss," said one of the servants, "and the guns are saluting him."

"How poor Gerald would have loved to see the Maharajah!" said Isabel sadly.

"Look! look!" shouted Lena, "there is Gerald landing from the Maharajah's yacht!"

The news flew through the house, and Mr. Northbrooke hurried down to meet the lost boy. It was a very happy household that day, and Gerald had to repeat his adventures till he was quite hoarse.

AN Atlanta, Ga., girl, who has just been married, certainly possesses unusual business tact. About two weeks ago she made a tour of all the prominent jewelry, furniture, book and china stores of her city. At each she inquired for the proprietor, and on being shown to that person she said:

"I am about to be married and it is very probable that some of my friends may come in here and select me a present. It's horrid to get something you don't like, so I want you to look out for me, and if you can safely yourself that a present is to be purchased for me, induce the purchaser to buy something which I will now select."

The proprietor could see nothing wrong in granting the request, and the young lady selected a number of things which suited her taste. They were marked and the clerks notified.

From all that can be learned the scheme worked well, and on her wedding night the happy bride had but few presents with which she was not pleased.

LITTLE JOAN.

BY SHEILA.

WELL, I will go, and I'll promise not to make a fuss and not be disagreeable to Butterciuck, and I won't cry if I can help it; but I can't promise that—not faithfully," and Miss Joan Lorimer heaved a very large sigh and looked most woe-begone.

"My poor little girl, I am as sorry as I can be about it, but I really don't know what else to do. Aunt Alice will miss her fourth bridesmaid very much, and directly the wedding is over I will come and fetch you back."

"Mother," said Joan with decision, "I've promised to go, but I don't want to think of the wedding at all; it makes me feel like a martyr at the stake!"

"But you would like some of the cake, wouldn't you?" asked her mother cheerfully.

"Yes," said Joan, reviving a little, "a large piece, please, and then Butterciuck can have some. "But"—relapsing again—"perhaps she hasn't got a sweet tooth, and then she wouldn't care for it."

"Then there will be all the more for you," said her mother. "Come, my little Joan, try to think of things as cheerfully as you can."

Now, to explain matters, I must tell you that a few days before Joan had been to tea with Dolly and Mab Faulkner, and that these two had now got the measles, and that it seemed likely that Miss Joan Lorimer was about to follow their example.

This was all the more unfortunate because pretty Aunt Alice, who lived with the Lorimers, was to have a grand wedding the following week, and Joan was to be one of the bridesmaids.

Joan's mother hardly knew what to do, because some of the guests might be afraid to come to a house with a bridesmaid in it who had the measles, even although the poor bridesmaid did not appear.

There was a great deal of talking and considering, and the end of it was that Joan was sent into the country to stay with Mrs. Clutterbuck (the little Lorimers always called her Butterciuck!), who, once upon a time, had been Aunt Alice's nurse, and was an old family friend, so to say.

Everybody felt very sorry for the poor little bridesmaid, who was going to lose all the fun. Aunt Alice gave her three new books, and Mr. Lorimer said, "John, my son, bear it like a man!" which way of addressing her made Joan laugh through her tears.

It certainly was not very pleasant to go away in solemn state, and not to bid goodbye to any of the other children, and only to have handkerchiefs waved at one from the windows.

Joan looked up and caught sight of baby Ted pressing his little nose flat against the window-pane, and Margery, holding up her darling Susan, a doll who had once been lovely, though it was hard to imagine it in her present condition.

She waved her hand to them, upon which Ted began to kiss his chubby mite of a one to her until the carriage was long out of sight.

"I do think I've borne it like a man," thought Joan; "and supposing I haven't got the measles after all!"

She had stayed a whole month at Nurse Clutterbuck's before, but then she had not been alone, for Aunt Alice was there, and Tom, and Hilda, and Madge.

Now Joan felt herself a person of importance, and it was a great satisfaction to her to find that Butterciuck was quite disposed to agree with her.

She gave herself a good many little airs in consequence, and poured out the tea with much dignity, which was rather spoilt by frequent sneezes.

One of these sneezes so upset Sweep, the black cat, that she refused to be friends with Joan any longer, and walked out of the room with her tail in the air and a disgusted expression about her whiskers.

"I couldn't help it, you know," said Joan politely; "I can't think what makes me sneeze like this. I haven't swallowed the pepper-pot—so far as I am aware."

An old lady who often visited the Lorimers was very fond of saying, "as far as I am aware, and Joan liked to say so too when she thought she would not be laughed at.

Butterciuck, however, who was sitting beside the window in a great old-fashioned arm-chair knitting a pair of stockings, did laugh at this speech of Joan's.

"As far as I'm aware, Miss Joan," said she, "you've just got a very bad cold indeed, and the sooner you're tucked up in your bed the better it will be for you."

"It's the measles I've got, not a silly cold," observed Joan, a little hurt.

"Well, we'll see," said Butterciuck; "I'm none so sure about it myself, Miss Joan, and I've looked after a many children in my time. There, what a pretty baby your Aunt Alice was, to be sure!"

When Butterciuck began to talk of old times it was generally some time before she stopped; however, on this occasion she pulled up short in the middle of a story, and whisked her visitor off to bed quite an hour before her ordinary bed-time.

Then she gave her some hot elderberry wine in a glass.

"There, child, drink that up, while I fetch another blanket."

"But I'm so hot!" protested Joan, making a grimace over the wine.

She drank half of it and put the glass down on the table by her side, and then slipped further down in the bed.

Her foot came across something soft and warm, and she immediately set up a scream, which brought Butterciuck back in a great hurry.

"My lamb, what is the matter; have you scalded yourself with the wine?" she asked anxiously.

"No; but there's something alive at the bottom of the bed" cried John. "I think it's a tiger!" and she began to giggle, for she knew by this time what it was.

"Why, if it isn't that Sweep!" cried Butterciuck, diving down and dragging out the black cat. "She used to be very fond of playing this trick when Mrs. Dickson and her children were lodging with me last summer; but I thought she'd forgotten it. You go down stairs at once, and don't you come up again, you naughty cat, you!"

"I think it was very funny of her," cried Joan, trying to stroke the offender, who, however, did not looked pleased at the turn matters had taken.

"Now, Miss Joan, you keep as warm as you can, and go to sleep," cried Butterciuck, bustling about and tucking her charge up.

"But I'm nearly baked!" complained Joan. "I'm sure I couldn't be hotter if I were in in a baker's oven."

"That's quite right," said Butterciuck with much satisfaction. "Good-night, Miss Joan. Perhaps you'll be able to go to the wedding after all; who knows! I have known stranger things than that might happen, if you'll believe me."

Joan did not exactly believe her, and it surprised her a good deal to wake up the next morning feeling quite well and lively. Butterciuck came and looked at her, and then she gave a queer little laugh.

"Measles, Miss Joan! you've no more got the measles than I have; it's only a cold. We'll wait a day or two, to be sure about it, because it wouldn't do to make a mistake; and there'll be plenty of time then to go to the wedding."

Butterchuck proved a true prophet, and although Joan only went home the day before the important day, she did not lose much of the fun; and then she was able to be fourth bridesmaid to Aunt Alice after all, which of course was the principal thing.

ST PAUL'S ICE PALACE will, this year, be 360 feet long and vary in width. There will be a central tower 54 feet square and 150 feet high. Seven smaller towers will be erected at different angles, their height ranging from 40 to 80 feet. The towers are to be almost purely Romanesque in design.

The amphitheater is to be a large circular enclosure 100 feet in diameter, with a realistic scene at the extreme end and niches in the wall filled with statuary.

The vista will be about 300 feet long and from 30 to 40 feet wide, and will be decorated with ice arches and sprayed evergreens intermingled with many colored electric lights. The cost of the structure will be $15,000.

LOST HAPPINESS.

BY S. U. W.

I found a diamond in the rough
And did not know it;
And I was therefore fool enough
Aside to throw it.

I did not even wait to say,
Within me, "Shall you?"
But after it was thrown away
I learnt its value.

The fool I was! her faintest smile
Was pleasure-giving;
A word from her for many awhile
Made life worth living.

But love like this was not enough
For me, the poet!
I had a diamond in the rough
And did not know it.

OF THE GOUT.

This tiresome disease is sometimes looked upon as a penalty for the luxurious living of comparatively modern days; but, as a matter of fact, it has afflicted man from the earliest times.

Not long ago a mummy was unwound in Egypt, which was shown by inscriptions to be the mortal remains of one of the Pharoahs, and the knotted fingers proved incontestably that this monarch—who reigned three thousand years ago—was a victim to gout.

The Romans, we know, from several passages in their literature, were no strangers to its attacks: and in their times, as in ours, it was largely attributed to high living. A curious fact in connection with gout, in the days of the Cæsars, is that it is said to have then found its victims chiefly among the weaker sex, who nowadays are comparatively free from it.

The writings of Galen, Hippocrates, and other Greek physicians show that gout was as common in ancient Greece as in her great Latin rival. Galen said of it that it was a distemper which none but the gods could cure—an opinion that must be shared by many sufferers who have tried in vain to obtain relief from its twinges.

The doctor who deserves the monument as high as St. Paul's, as wide as the Thames, and as enduring as time—which Dr. Johnson declared awaited him who found a cure of gout—is still to come, for though its attacks may no doubt be modified by regulating the diet and taking abundant exercise, no one has yet been able to prove himself a master of the art of healing this most difficult of the many difficult diseases to which flesh is heir.

The varieties of the remedies recommended for a complaint is a sure index of its susceptibility to treatment; and at one time or another, the doctors have professed themselves to be believers in almost every conceivable method of neutralising the effects of this one. It has been attacked with acids and with alkalies, with fire and water; cauterisation having been once the favorite form of remedy for it, as "aqua pura" was in the early days of this century.

Elizabeth's minister, Lord Burleigh, was recommended a cure for an obstinate attack of gout, by the Archbishop of Armagh, which, had it proved as efficacious as it was nasty, should have placed him out of reach of its clutches for the rest of his life. The following was the form it assumed:

"Take two spaniel whelps, two days old, scald them and cause the entrails to be taken out, but wash them not. Take four ounces brimstone, four ounces turpentine, one ounce spermaceti, a handful of nettles, and a quantity of balm, and put all the aforesaid in them, stamped, and serve them up, and roast them, and take the drops and annoint you where your grief is."

Stafford was advised by Laud to treat an attack of gout by running up and down in his bare feet on dewy grass. Cardinal Zinzendorff believed that he could obtain relief by bathing his legs daily in pig's blood; and Horace Walpole was gravely advised to try the effect of cutting his nails in hot water.

Dr. Sydenham, the renowned English physician of the seventeenth century, who knew by painful experience what gout was, declares it to be almost the only disease which destroys more rich men than poor men, more men of great intellect than men of ordinary capacity and understanding. He says:

"Great Kings, Emperors, Generals, Admirals, and Philosophers, have all died of gout. Hereby Nature shows her impartiality, since those whom she favors in one way she afflicts in another."

Gout is, in short, according to this authority, one of the revenges of good fortune and plenty; but however true this may have been in Sydenham's time, the ailment is more democratic now, and shows no such nice distinction of class.

Laborers who keep away from the beer shop are hardly ever attacked by it; but over-indulgence in malt liquors is one of the surest passports to gout; and the life of fresh air and exercise, which is, broadly speaking, so antagonistic to this scourge of mankind, is powerless against its ravages unless accompanied by moderate abstinence from this particular beverage. Brain-workers who, though enjoying good health, do not take much exercise, are most subject to gout.

It is a curious fact that the poorer Irish, who live to a large extent upon potatoes, are said to be absolutely free from its attacks. Gout is undeniably on the increase in this country; and this fact has been put forward as an evidence of our growing wealth and prosperity. A nation must be prosperous to maintain any considerable proportion of its inhabitants in the luxury of gout. There is no country in the world in which gout is so common as in England—no doubt, to the largeness of the leisure class, who do little but eat and drink and endure consequent twinges.

It is popularly believed that gout shares with asthma the faculty of lengthening the lives of those whom it favors with its attentions, chiefly because it allows no other disease to dispute its sovereignty. A famous French physician reached the age of a hundred, and for sixty years of his life was subject to gout; and many others, who have attained great age, have been martyrs to it. The gouty old gentleman is one of the mainstays of the humorist; but few who have not been subject to it realize the dreadful agony that the victim to this disease is called upon to endure.

No doubt the prevalence of gout is to a great extent to be accounted for by the tendency that it has to descend from father to son. Dr. Garrod related that he was once consulted by a patient who told him that his family records showed that every representative of his house had fallen into its clutches for the last four hundred years. No doubt this was an extreme case, for the tendency of gout to "skip a generation" is one of its most widely-recognized attributes. It is supposed that considerably more than half of all cases of gout are hereditary.

The heat of the tropics seems to be in some mysterious way antagonistic to this disease, which is far oftener met with in temperate latitudes than near the equator, and which is also more prevalent in autumn and winter than in the warm months of summer.

Grains of Gold.

Keep to thy word with care.

Do thy best, and leave the rest.

A timely kindness is a double good.

Forgive any one sooner than thyself.

Quarrels are easier begun than ended.

Many suffer from the fear of suffering.

Corrected error serves for a way-mark.

Expect not an exemption from trouble.

Count well the cost of what thou doest.

Patterns are more wanted than precepts.

Familiar thoughts of death abate its terrors.

Passionate tempers are their own torment.

Our deepest knowledge is ourselves to know.

Enumerate thy own, but not another's faults.

Ostentatious liberality is its own paymaster.

One vice is more expensive than many virtues.

Every deviation from virtue is an approach to vice.

True humility, is not apt either to give, or take offence.

Every moment substracts from what it adds to our lives.

Meekness, modesty and humility, are graces entirely independent of the shape of the body.

Femininities.

Habits of extravagance—Ladies' dresses.

The fire of vanity is fed by the fuel of flattery.

One of the sweetest pleasures of a woman is to cause regret.

Marriage is a lottery in which men stake their liberty, and women their happiness.

An engagement is a very fragile thing. It cannot be dropped without breaking it.

A novel hairpin top simulates a bunch of wheat in gold tied with a ribbon of pearls.

Where can one find a woman's head covering secrets and never revealing them? On a postage stamp.

In matters of dress, with the judicious, nothing burthensome or embarrassing is considered as ornamental.

Air the houses thoroughly every day, even though the rain comes down in torrents or the snow beats in in drifts.

Good temper, like a day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

The woman who takes three hours to dress for a party may be vain, but she will never wear short hair or try to act like a man.

Soft words may appease an angry man—bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to extinguish the fire?

Fanny: "The papers are making a great fuss about smokeless powder now." Arabella: "Yes; just as though we had not used it for years."

The majority of summer brides choose June for the happy event which terminates their "engagement," while the the winter brides favor November of all the chilly months.

Mamma, at the doll counter: "Now, Flossie dear, here is a very large assortment to select from. What kind of a dolly would you like to have?" Flossy: "Twins, mamma, if you please."

One watch set right will do to set many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we each set to those around us.

Charles: I adore you, Edith, but, alas I am poor. However, I have a wealthy uncle, from whom I have expec—— Edith eagerly: Is he married? Charles: No, darling. Edith: Then introduce me to him, there's a dear.

Mable: "Let's play house; I'll be the mother." George: "Yes; and I'll be the father." Clara. "And I'll be the cook." Mable and George, indignantly: "Yes, that's just you! You always want to be the boss of everything."

Chief of Indian tribe to fashionable young lady missionary: "Young woman, I don't wish to be inhospitable, but you must leave here immediately. If my wives were to see your costume, my future life would be a never ending misery."

Augustus, who has just proposed and has been accepted: "And will you always trust me dearest?" "I am opposed to the baleful influence of trusts. Suppose you put your proposal in writing and avoid possible misunderstandings."

At a recent examination of California schoolma'ams, one of them wrote in answer to a question of discipline: "Capital punishment should not be resorted to except on rare occasions, only with the consent of the parents, and never till the next day."

"My dearest Laura, what is the matter? Here you are bathed in tears, and only four weeks after your wedding." "Oh, Clara, my husband is candidate for Mayor, and I have just found out by this morning's paper that he is a paragon of all the vices."

It is a fact that within a year a lady of fashion has engaged as a maid a prepossessing young woman of excellent education and enviable acquirements, whose grandfather employed her grandfather as his valet. This lady of fashion does not know this, but her maid does.

A Sunday school teacher was giving a lesson in Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did another nice thing for Ruth, can you tell me what it was?" "Married her," said one of the boys.

A cook who had burned up a piece of veal weighing four pounds, threw it away, and afterwards explained to her mistress that the cat had eaten the meat. "Very well," said the lady, "we will see that directly." So saying, she took the cat put it on the scales, and found that it weighed exactly four pounds. "There, Fredericka," she said, "are the four pounds of meat—but where is the cat?"

Apropos of engagements, the sentiment regarding the selection of the stone seems to be entirely lost to thought. With out few exceptions the diamond is chosen. In olden times there was a sentiment surrounding the various stones, and the character of the ring was determined by the month in which the bride was born. If in January, the stone was a garnet, believed to have the power of winning the wearer friends wherever she went.

"You must push matters a little James" said the druggist to the new boy; "by calling a customer's attention to this article and that article you often effect sales." "Yes, sir," responded the new boy, and then he hastened to wait upon an elderly female who wanted a stamp. "Anything else, mum?" inquired the ambitious boy, politely; "hair dye, cosmetic, face powder, rheumatic drops, belladonna, mole destroyer——" The elderly lady deals over the way now.

A proud and haughty Connecticut avenue lady went into a leading dry goods store in Washington to purchase a dress pattern. She found what she wanted after a proper amount of searching. "I will have eleven yards, please," said she. The very stunning shop girl stuck her ear in right there. "I am sure it will be very becoming. I am having a dress off of the same piece myself." And she doesn't know yet why the Connecticut avenue woman changed her mind so suddenly.

Masculinities.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

He who has neither friend nor enemy is without talents, power, or energy.

You have not fulfilled every duty, unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

Politeness has been defined to be the art of making a selection of what one thinks.

We have no hesitation in saying that it is better to swear honestly than to pray hypocritically.

Too earnest a desire to excel, often sets a man below his real worth in the estimation of others.

Ugliness.—An advantageous stimulus to the mind that it may make up for the deficiencies of the body.

The quarrels of lovers are like summer showers that leave the country more verdant and beautiful.

An Iowa girl, Flora Loak, has just shot a man dead for serenading her grandfather on the occasion of his latest marriage.

Yes, champagne is elevating, but, like the elevators in a public building, it bring down quite as many men as it uplifts.

Many people use expensive articles of food and dress when cheaper ones would be in every way better, and more servicable.

Charles Shellenberg, 37 years old, hanged himself in New York, because he was too poor to buy his sweetheart a Christmas gift.

Bobby: "My papa's richer'n yourn" Tommy: "Don't care; mine knows more. Mamma told him yesterday that he knew too much."

"Pretty girl, Amanda is," said one exquisite to another. "Ah! Is she blonde or brunette?" was the query. "Oh, she has her days of both," was the reply.

Father: "What was John saying to you last night, May, that he stayed so late?" Daughter: "Nothing much. John isn't a great talker. He's all business."

A grocer in Wheeling, after a three days' search for his favorite pug dog, found the animal in a back room of the store, under an inverted half-bushel measure.

Physician: What is your profession, sir? Patient pompously: I'm a gentleman. Physician: Well, you'll have to try something else; it doesn't agree with you.

Briggs: "Well, we had an addition to our family yesterday," Braggs: "You don't say so? Boy or girl?" Briggs: "Neither. It was my wife's mother."

Yabsley: I would rather talk to a good, sensible girl any time than dance. Wickwire: Well, why don't you do so? Yabsley, sorrowfully: They won't listen to me.

A Southern editor, evidently hen-pecked, says, that "in our school-days the 'rule of three' is proverbially trying, how much harder, in after life, do we feel the rule of one!"

If a man is only a "good fellow" he can be a pretty bad fellow in many respects, and still get better treatment from the world than is accorded to many men who have more virtue.

With love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

Sentimental young men are patronizing a man who cuts the names of their sweethearts out of thin sheets of gold in facsimile of the fair one's autographs. This is better than having one's name "writ in water."

"Going home, eh?" some fellow "Mutual" said the other night to the pessimist for pleasure; "you can't go home; how can a fellow like you have a home?" "Home," replied the P., with dignity, "is where I keep my other clothes."

Rev. Dr Discord: Why, dear Jack, I am glad to see you. You are looking so well. What have you been doing? Jack Scraggs: Pitching for a League club at $5000 a year. What are you doing? Discord. Preaching for a chapel at $500 a year!

Religion is more than mere opinion, more than mere sentiment, more than mere emotion; it is the fusion of the intellect and the spirit, the united energies of mind and will and soul, bending themselves to the formation of a life of integrity and nobleness.

Yellow: Just see that old drunkard they are taking into the station there! What a wreck he is!" Brownly: "Yes, rum appears to have downed him." Y.: "It's the way with 'em all: once they start, there is no telling where they will stop." B.: "That's so. Well, it's a pretty cold night, suppose we go in and take a drink?" Y.: "All right."

A well known artist of this city who married a millionheiress, a love match, by the way, met an old friend on the street a short time after the wedding. "I suppose you are kept busy now cutting coupons," said the friend with rather an envious intonation in his voice. "Yes," said the artist good-naturedly, "and with the same scissors I used to trim my cuffs with."

A crusty old West Sider was informed by his daughter the other day that a certain giddy girl of her acquaintance was about to be married. "Was the young man any money?" demanded the old man. His daughter confessed that he did not have much wealth. "Well, do you imagine he has any trace of brains?" "Why, I suppose so, father, why do you ask?" "Because, if he hasn't there won't be any brains in the family, that's all."

The conductor of a Chicago cable car approached a hard-visaged woman and asked for her fare. "Go on with you, now, I've paid you once," said the woman. "No, you haven't." "Yes, I have." "Give me a nickel, or I'll put you off." "Do if you dare." The conductor stopped the car and put her off. "Rather a hard thing to do," said one of the passengers. "But it served her right, I suppose." "Oh," the conductor smilingly answered, "it wasn't hard for me to do, for it isn't often that I have a chance to get even with her. She is my wife."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The January number of the *Woman's World* opens with a sketch of "Nikita at Home," by Frederick Dolman. It is illustrated with a portrait of the singer, "who at her birthplace in Washington was christened Louise Marguerite Nicholson." An article on "The Woman of America," by Miss M. F. Billington, will also be read with interest. There is a pretty poem, by the late Amy Levy, in this issue, and the other contributions, including the customary reviews of the fashions, will please the ladies. Published by and received from Messrs Cassell & Company.

The January *St. Nicholas* is an attractive number. Of contributions peculiarly seasonable may be noted: Harriett Prescott Spofford's poem, "The Yule Log's Song;" "In the Tenement," a gentle reminder, by Malcolm Douglas; "Christmas on the 'Polly,'" by Grace F. Coolidge, a little marine song telling of a new trap for Santa Claus; "A New fashioned Christmas," and "The Little Buttonwood Man." Nora Perry's serial begins with characteristic spirit, and is beautifully illustrated by Birch. Walter Camp's Foot ball paper deals with the great games at the Polo Grounds, and is reinforced by a study of "The Drop-Kick," contributed by Yale's famous expert, W. T. Bull, whose kicks won Yale a championship. A stirring story for boys, by William T. Stoddard, strongly illustrated by C. T. Hill, is begun by two chapters full of incident. Besides these, there are many other stories, sketches, poems and pictures —something to please both little and big.

Lippincott's Magazine for January is the opening of a new volume, is an exceedingly attractive number. The complete novel, entitled "Millicent and Rosalind, is by Julian Hawthorne. The novel is followed by the first part of a paper entitled "Nathaniel Hawthorne's Elixir of Life." It is a version hitherto unpublished, of the theme of "The Bloody Footstep," also treated by Hawthorne in other works. William Westall contributes a readable and somewhat curious paper about "Newspaper Fiction." Shakspearean lovers will read with lively interest, a paper by Edward Fuller about "The Theatrical Renaissance of Shakspere." Amelie Rivers appears in this number with a two page poem entitled "Blue Water Lilies." Richard Henry Stoddard has some interesting and appreciative reminiscences of Nathaniel Parker Willis. Those famous humorists, R. J. Burdette, Bill Nye and J. Armory Knox, appear in a characteristic collaboration, entitled "Kinks in the Skein." There are other good articles, and the number closes with another illustrated paper, "With the Wits."

The *Popular Science Monthly* for January opens with a fine article by Edward Atkinson on "The Future Situs of the Cotton Manufacture of the United States." "Public Schools as affecting Crime and Vice" is the subject of an essay by Benjamin Reece. Herbert Spencer has recently defined his position on the nationalizing of land in a controversy with Prof. Huxley, Sir John Mallet, and others. This correspondence is now printed under the title "Letters on the Land Question." In "Two and a Half Per Cent' an account of the decline in the rate of interest, with the causes which have led to it, is given by George Iles. The "Irrigation of Arid Lands" in the far West is described by Henry J. Philpott. Other articles are "Palm Trees and their Uses," "Birds with Teeth," "The Taoulst Religion," "A Harvest from the Ocean," "The Effect of Cave Life on Animals," "The Chinese Idea of Evolution." Topics dealt with in the Editor's Table are "Tolstoi's Confession," "The Land Question,' and "The Twentieth Birthday of 'Nature.'" Various brief bits of science fill the "Miscellany" and "Notes" departments. D Appleton & Company, publishers, New York.

In the January *Century*, the next to the last instalment of the "Life of Lincoln" appears. This part contains a graphic account of Lincoln's last day and his assassination, illustrated. Supplementary papers by other hands are printed on the pursuit and death of John Wilkes Booth. A very full instalment of Jefferson's "Autobiography," profusely illustrated, is given. A notable paper is Miss Amelia B. Edwards' account of the recent extraordinary discoveries at Bubastis, in Egypt. All the monuments reproduced in this article are now for the first time published. Henry James has a fully illustrated paper on Daumier, the famous French caricaturist. Another of Timothy Cole's engravings of the Old Masters is given. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Prof. James Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth," a sketch of whose life is given. A curious and valuable paper is that by Prof. Edward S. Holden, of the Lick Observatory, telling of a recent discovery of his concerning "The Real Shape of the Spiral Nebulæ." Rev. Dr. Dike, in a "Present Day Paper," discusses the divorce question, and Prof. Fisher has a paper on "The Gradualness of Revelation." The fiction is by Frank Stockton, Matt Crim and John Heard, Jr. There are poems by nearly a dozen writers, and the usual departments are filled with crisp reading.

Salvation Oil is at once prompt and reliable as a pain cure. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

Every case of coughs or colds is cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Proposal by Phonograph.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

TOM DOUGLAS was young, good-looking, and would some day be well-to-do; but above all things he was scientific. His passion for science became noticeable when he began to learn chemistry in the Fourth Form at Halstone School.

Tom and all his class-fellows were deeply taken by the weird and unearthly odors, the terrifying explosions, and the miraculous bursts of subaqueous fire which appeared at the will of Mr. Stubbs the science master. Indeed, they endeavored persistently to emulate their tutor's exploits; but even the tutor's performances were presently quite eclipsed by those of his promising pupil Tom.

When the end of term and the youth arrived at his home in Dulberry, he set off at once on a tour of inspection round the home premises.

A small building, which belonged to the gardener, and was used by him as a storehouse for seeds, flower-pots, and other things appertaining to his craft, struck his fancy.

He found no difficulty in persuading his too complaisant parents to make this room over to him; and notwithstanding the murmurs of Sundy the gardener, it was forthwith emptied of its horticultural contents, fitted with benches, shelves, and a fireplace, and generally rendered habitable.

Chemicals also, and all kinds of apparatus, were ordered from London.

Had his friends not been altogether ignorant of the science of chemistry, they would have noticed that the chemicals which Tom ordered, and for which they blindly paid, were chiefly of the kind which go to make up explosions.

Almost as soon as the laboratory had been fitted up, the goods arrived from London.

On the first day, nothing worthy of note was seen or heard, Tom being too busily engaged in arranging and admiring his treasures to begin experimenting with them.

Soon, however, the household began to listen with mild toleration to the loud explosions which, at intervals of about an hour, were constantly heard from the direction of Tom's laboratory.

His love of science grew stronger, if a good deal more rational, as years passed by. At last, when he went up to Oxford, another room was added to his den. This was furnished after the manner of the average undergraduate's rooms, and here he kept his personal property and did most of his reading. Like most science-men, he was fond of novels, and of these this room soon contained an extensive and broad collection.

But the course of true love never did run smooth and at last Tom Douglas discovered that there was one thing which, struggle as he might to ignore it, was beginning to interest him far more than any of the sciences to which he had hitherto devoted himself.

His father's brother had many years ago emigrated to Australia. Almost immediately, he had married; but after a few years of hard struggle against poverty, his wife had died, leaving to him a little daughter, Dora. Tom Douglas was in his fourth year when he heard from home that his unknown uncle was dead. His father had received a letter some months before, saying that Dora would soon be alone in the world.

She would be rich—for success had come to her father when it was too late to save his wife—and now the dying man begged his brother to become her guardian and offer her a home.

Mr. Douglas had at once consented; and Dora arrived in England shortly before the commencement of Tom's last long vacation; so that when he arrived at Dulberry she had already been there for a week or two. The cousins became very good firm friends; and it was the image of a sweet girlish face, blue-eyed, and a little sad, which occupied Tom's mind, and caused him to neglect his science-work almost entirely.

At the end of the "long" he went up to Oxford once more, in order to take leave of his friends and formally take his degree, for at the end of the previous term he had gained a "first" in Honors of Chemistry.

This brief absence from Dora was so utterly painful to him, that he became aware of the fact that he really was very much in love with her.

Of course he ought to have known it before; perhaps he had done so, but at least he had never acknowledged it to herself. At anyrate he made haste to get back to his home.

When he returned to Dulberry he carried with anxious solicitude a box, which appeared to contain something at once very fragile and inestimably valuable.

Dora had taken a great interest in his scientific studies—or rather, he had revived for her benefit his boyish interest in explosions.

After lunch, therefore, he told her that during his absence he had spent a few days in town and there had secured a scientific wonder, which she must examine.

He took the box under his arm, and they went together to his sanctum in the garden. Arrived there, he opened the box and took out a piece of mechanism which he said, was a phonograph.

He showed Dora how a thin plate of mica, moving with the air-vibrations caused by the voice, set in motion a small stylus of steel, and how this stylus marked out its vibrations on a thin cylinder of smooth wax, which, by a screw arrangement, was caused to move at once in the direction of its length and around its axis.

Then he shifted back the cylinder into its original position, so that the point of the stylus rested at the beginning of the little channel which it had already marked out on the wax.

Finally, turning the screw again, he set the cylinder in motion; and the stylus, travelling along the line it had traced thereon, vibrated as it had done in the first instance. By this means the mica was once more set in vibration, and as it communicated its vibrations to the air, the original sounds were once more reproduced.

Tom tried to persuade Dora to sing a song; but the presence of that silent recorder made her nervous, and she was content with listening to the repetition of some trite and rather disconnected remarks of his own.

The next few days passed not very happily for Tom Douglas. He was in love, deeply in love, with Dora; but he did not dare to tell her as yet the secret which was nevertheless betrayed to her keen sight by his every word an action. He spent a good deal of his time alone in his study, and amused himself after a rather silly fashion with the phonograph.

One day he had gone off on a visit to some friends, and Dora was feeling lonely and a trifle *ennuyee*. Her cousin had begged her to borrow any of his books if at any time she wanted something to read, and went down to his study to get one.

As she went, she was thinking of him, and wondering why he still hesitated to ask her the simple question which she would so gladly answer—the question which he was so constantly asking himself, and to which his love and his humility both gave different answers.

She had chosen a book, when her eye fell on the phonograph lying ready for use on a table. Now that she was alone, she thought it would be rather pleasant to try how her own voice sounded.

Filled with dread lest the unflattering phonograph should prove to her that her voice was harsh and unpleasant, and not quite decided as to what song she should try, she began to move the treadle which set the cylinder in motion.

What sound was that which fell upon her upon her ears? Her cousin's voice was speaking to her; and after a moment of blank astonishment, she listened with a quiet smile, as though Tom were standing before her in the flesh and saying what the phonograph now said for him. This is what she heard:

"Dora, darling, I have loved you ever since the day when first I saw you! I have longed to tell you every day since then, but have always been afraid. Will you try to love me just a little?" The voice lapsed into silence.

With a sudden gladness, Doris saw what had happened. Her cousin had also wondered how his voice sounded to others—to her—and especially how the question would sound which he so longed to ask. Well, the voice struck her as awkward, constrained, and quite unlike the cheerful tones to which she had become accustomed; but the words——

At that moment she heard her cousin's voice at the other end of the garden. He had returned home unexpectedly, and was chatting with the gardener. He would be here presently, no doubt! In a moment she had once more set in motion the cylinder of the phonograph, and bending over it, spoke a few words in a low clear voice. Then she shifted the cylinder back into its original position, and stepped quickly into the next room—the laboratory.

In a few minutes she heard the conversation between Tom and the gardener cease. The young man came quickly down the garden and entered the sanctum. He flung his hat and walking stick upon a chair, and then the phonograph struck his attention.

He moved towards it and stood looking down on it, with his back towards the door of the room whence Dora was eagerly watching him. Then he began absentmindedly to set the treadle in motion. Once more the phonograph spoke, and as it did so, Dora moved silently forward and stood in the open doorway of the laboratory.

"Dora, darling, I have loved you ever since the day when I first saw you! I have longed to tell you every day since then, but have always been afraid. Will you try to love me just a little?"

Tom heard these words; and then, before he had moved his foot from the treadle, the phonograph spoke in another voice:

"Why should you be afraid to come and ask me, when you know——"

It was Dora's voice; and even as he wondered at this marvel, he heard the same voice speaking again.

"Tom!" said the voice.

Turning, he saw his cousin, standing with half-parted lips and laughing rosy face, only a yard or two away from him.

"Dora!" he cried you have learned my secret!"

Dora moved towards him and hid her face in his shoulder; then, as he raised and kissed it, she whispered:

"Yes, Tom, long ago!"

"CORNER MEN" OF THE STREET.—It is a common sight to see a group of men with their hands in their pockets, and their pipes in their mouths, standing in front of public houses. They turn up in the morning with the greatest regularity and constancy, and remain there so persistently that they are called "corner men." Now what has often puzzled many people is how these men manage to make a living. They hold a horse now and then, or run an errand, and so pick up a few coppers; but all this immediately goes in beer, to help still more to disfigure their already bloated countenances. Perplexed on this point, the writer asked a policeman if he could throw any light on the matter. "Oh," said he, "their wives go out charing and work of that kind. They make their wives keep them and give them pocket money. If they haven't any money for them they beat them." It wouldn't be a bad idea to have a law compelling these curs to do the most disagreeable work in the various communities they belong to.

"YES, sir," said the old actor, "I have had many triumphs on the stage. I remember, away back in the forties, there was a crowded house once to see my 'Hamlet.' At the end of the first act the audience got up and left the theatre."

"That was hardly a triumph, was it?"

"Certainly it was; they couldn't stand any more. Ah! I was a powerful actor in the forties."

"Is that mule tame?" asked a farmer of an American dealer in domestic quadrupeds. "He's tame enough in front," answered the dealer "but he's awfully wild behind."

STRAINING AND RACKING your Lungs and Throat with a rasping Cough, is but poor policy. Rather cure yourself with Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an excellent remedy for Asthma and Bronchitis.

Seeds 6 pkts of my choicest Flower Seeds 10c. Beautiful catalog free. F B Mills, Thorn Hill, N. Y.

Patents THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 FREE Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

SPECIAL 30 DAY OFFER. Send us the names of ten friends you think will act as our agents and we will send your name on 12 New Year, Floral, &c. CARDS FREE. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

UNIVERSAL CLOCK ADJUSTER

A little book of 50 pages by a practical clock fixer, that positively teaches any one of common sense to adjust, clean, and keep in order their own clocks. It teaches you how to find what stops the clock and teaches you the remedy. Clock fixing is much easier learned than most people suppose, and none who read this book carefully ever fail to learn. It will save many times its cost in one single year. Price THIRTY CENTS per single copy. It is the only work of the kind ever published. Send and get a copy, and it will be the last money your clock will ever cost you. Address E. B. GRANNIS, 33 East 22nd street, N. Y. City.

FALMOUTH, Mass., Jan. 12, 1887.
To the Editor of THE AMERICAN:
I would say that the "Clock Adjuster," which I sent to you for, was promptly received, and everything was perfectly satisfactory. Yours truly,
B. K. CRAIG.

In thirty years using this little book and filling orders for it, we have never had one complaint.
E. B. GRANNIS.

With the Church Union 6 months, 50c.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address J. F. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

Humorous.

THE LITTLE MAN.

A little man's chief pleasure was in going out to walk;
And to himself while on his way, for hours he would talk;
"For there's nothing I enjoy so much," his friends he oft would tell,
"As to listen to a person who converses very well!

"It's perfectly astonishing to see the wondrous ease
With which I can discourse on any subject that I please.
And my views upon all questions are so sensible indeed
That I never in the slightest with myself have disagreed.

"There are many who would like to hear me very much, I know,
And I'm selfish to monopolize my conversation so;
But I grow so interested when I've anything to say,
That from myself I really can't tear myself away!"

Astronomers' subsistence—Obscurations.

It discourages a young mustache to be called down.

Many a youthful scion of wealth is dependent on papa labor.

It is the turfman who is most deeply concerned about the race problem.

A school board whose doings never need whitewashing—The blackboard.

The three guages of railroad—Narrow gauge, broad gauge and mortgage.

The girl who has the strongest will is the girl who says the strongest won't.

The exercise of forbearance is harder exercise than taking a twenty-mile walk.

Dogs are very affectionate. We have even seen dogs that were attached to tin cans.

There is sure to be something serious on foot when a man goes to the chirpodist's office.

"I have been in a country," said a Nebraska preacher, "where the hand of man has never set a foot."

Mr. Green—"Do ladies ever tell their ages to each other?" **Miss Cute**—"Certainly not. They know better."

Young Spring—"Mr Bidquick, I am worth $50,000, and I love your daughter." **Mr. Bidquick** (retired auctioneer)—"Sold."

Judge Brewer wrote poetry once. Now he is on the Supreme Bench. 'Tis thus that greatness rises even from the lowliest condition.

It has now been discovered that the reason why the boy stood on the burning deck was because it was too hot to sit down upon.

"Nations are like individuals," says an orator. Not much. You never hear an individual complaining about the size of his surplus.

The Boston policemen are suffering from the influenza. Now that the grippers have fallen into the hands of La Grippe, they know how it is themselves.

Stingy Employer—"What! Want more pay? John Jacob Astor began work on a salary of $2 a week, and he died worth $40,000,000." **Store boy**—"Yes, sir. There's a big difference in bosses."

Doctor to nervous patient: "What! You are afraid of being buried before life is extinct? Nonsense! You take what I prescribe, and drive such foolish notions out of your head. Such a thing never happens with my patients."

Jones—"For heaven's sake, Robinson look here! That boy has broken through the ice." **Robinson**—"So he has! What in the world are we going to do for him, Jones?" (To shivering and exhausted boy)—"Keep cool, bub! keep cool!"

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take a cup of tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind. That was all she said."

Sexton; "Mr. Healthy, I called to get your share of the fund annually subscribed for keeping the cemetery in repair." **Mr. Healthy**: "Well, I've concluded I won't pay any more towards it. I've contributed for fifteen years, and none of my family have as yet got a penn'orth of benefit from it, not even my son-in-law, who's been living here for the past ten years."

A gentlemen called some time since to consult a physician with regard to a rheumatism which caused him much pain. The doctor immediately sat down and wrote him a prescription. As the patient was going away, the doctor called him back—"By the way, sir' should my prescription happen to afford you any relief, please let me know, as I am myself suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it."

There is an uncommonly frank and humorous darky porter on one of the Wagner cars that ply between Chicago and New York. The other day when he appeared before the passengers, brush in hand, to get them all to stand up and deliver their quarters and half dollars in the usual way, this is what he said: "Stand up tell I brush you off, gemmen. It don't amount to nothin', and you may not need it, but you want to let me go through the motions, so's to feel as if I earned what you're going to give me."

A worthy deacon, in a Vermont country town, was discovered by his pastor one Sunday morning sawing an armful of wood for the kitchen stove. The surprise of the discovery caused the deacon to drop his saw in consternation. "I—didn't suppose you'd see me, parson!" he faltered. "Ah," replied the good man, severely, "you must remember deacon, that there is one higher than I who sees every evil act you commit." "Yes, parson," assented the deacon, "but then He doesn't make such an awful fuss about it!"

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A very good man to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full terms address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Chester, Pa.

GRIND YOUR OWN Bone, Meat, Oyster Shells, Graham Flour & Corn in the **$5 HAND MILL** (F. Wilson's Patent.) 100 per cent. more made in keeping Poultry. Also **POWER MILLS** and **FARM FEED MILLS.** Circulars and testimonials sent on application. **WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.**

BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adopted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a speciality of

RIBBON BADGES

for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution. If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application

H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,
No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH HAY FEVER CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

A NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (*two weeks apart*) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent *free* by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.
Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, little it has ever yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Creams,** to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe.
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 306 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

THOMAS M. LOCKE,
DEALER IN
CARPETINGS.
989 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, second door below Tenth, north side.

$12,000 GIVEN TO SUBSCRIBERS IN CASH

THE GRANDEST OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY PUBLISHER.

Instead of spending $50,000 this year in giving away sample copies to readers throughout the U. S., we have decided upon the following novel contest for the purpose of advertising and getting our publication talked about from one end of the country to the other.

We have taken an ordinary pint measure, filled it with ordinary white pea beans, poured the beans into an ordinary pint fruit jar which as is usual for preserving fruit is securely, and deposited it with a Brooklyn Trust Company. It cannot be opened or counted until April 15th, 1890, and no person now knows how many beans the jar contains.

The following 4895 PRESENTS will be GIVEN to the 4895 persons making the BEST GUESSES of the NUMBER of BEANS the JAR CONTAINS:

1	Present to the person guessing the correct number,			$1,500
1	"	" nearest the correct number,		1,000
1	"	" making the next best guess,		750
1	"	" " "		500
1	"	" " "		250
5	Presents to the 5	persons making next best guess, $100 each,		500
10	" " 10	" " " 50 "		500
20	" " 20	" " " 25 "		500
50	" " 50	" " " 10 "		500
100	" " 100	" " " 5 "		500
200	" " 200	" " " 2.50 "		500
500	" " 500	" " " 1 "		500
4,000	" " 4,000	" " " 1 "		4,000
4,895	Presents,		Amounting to	$12,000

To all of the rest who subscribe and send a guess, whether correct or not, we will give an elegant piece of Silverware, valued at 50 Cents or more, so that EVERY subscriber gets a present worth more than the subscription price.

SEND YOUR GUESS with name and address plainly written on a piece of paper the size of a postal card, and it will be recorded on our books at once. No charge is made for the guess, but in order to introduce our old and well established publication, **THE POST AND TRIBUNE,** into new homes, we require that each one answering this and sending a guess shall become a subscriber to our publication for at least three months, and send ninety cents in postage stamps, postal note or silver, or fifty cents for six months' subscription, which entitles the subscriber to two guesses, or $1.00 for one year and four guesses. The Jar will be opened and beans counted April 15th, 1890, by a committee chosen by the subscribers. Should no one guess the correct number, then the one guessing nearest will receive the first present of $1,500. Should two or more persons guess the correct number, then the one whose guess is first received will receive the $1,500 and the next is the $1,000, and so on.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE! If you will work among your acquaintances and form a club, we will send six 3 months' subscriptions for $1.50, twelve 3 months' for $3.00; 25 three months' for $5.00; 50 three months' for $10; 100 three months' for $20. Each subscription to be accompanied with guess opposite name in plain figures. **We send 6 six months' subscriptions for $2.50, 12 for $5, 25 for $10, and each subscriber is entitled to two guesses. We send three yearly subscriptions for $2.50, six for $5, twelve for $10, twenty-five for $20, and each yearly subscriber is entitled to four guesses.**

THE POST AND TRIBUNE

is one of the largest, handsomest and best publications issued from Brooklyn. It contains sixteen large pages, 64 long columns, completely filled with newest and choicest reading for every member of every American home. It is beautifully illustrated, being devoted two entire pages to Fashion Plates of the latest designs, and one or two pages to Cooking and Household Instruction. The subscription price has been reduced to only **$1.00 a year.** We have been so long before the public that it ought to be a sufficient guarantee that we will do as we agree. **If we are unknown to you, any bank, commercial agency or publisher in N. Y. will** tell you who we are. **Money may be sent by** Postal Note, Registered Letter or P. O. Order. Address

THE POST AND TRIBUNE, No. 66 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CUT THIS OUT AND SECURE A CLUB. IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

10,000 AMERICAN STEM WINDING WATCHES TO BE GIVEN FREE

We will give 10,000 Stem Winding and Stem Setting American Watches FREE to those who will assist us in procuring new subscribers to our ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY. The accompanying illustration is an exact representation of the Watch to be given away. We will also send free to subscribers one of our American Stem Winders and Stem Setters. This **ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY** is a well-known literary and family paper, now in its eleventh year, and one of the most popular papers published to-day. Elegantly printed, and is handsomely illustrated. The contributors are among the best. Every year it is our custom to give away some elegant premium, worth in itself many times the subscription price of the Monthly, in order to secure new subscribers, well knowing that once a subscriber you will always remain with us. **WE WANT 100,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS AT ONCE,** and we want you to assist us in securing them. This year we offer this **ELEGANT PREMIUM FREE.** It has **HUNTING CASES, Beautifully Engraved and Gold Plated.** Each one is carefully inspected, regulated and tested before leaving the factory.

HOW TO GET THE AMERICAN STEM WINDER FREE. Send $1.00 in Postal Note or Bill, for one year's subscription to our **ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY,** and we will forward it by mail, postpaid, with **GOLD PLATED CHAIN AND CHARM.** Remember we charge you nothing for this premium, only offering the regular subscription price of the Monthly. **Only one Watch will be sent into any one neighborhood, and this offer will hold good for SIXTY DAYS ONLY.** Subscribe at once; no time to lose; they will go like hot cakes. Be first in the field and get a Watch before your neighbor.

STEM WINDING WATCH FREE. NOT FOR SALE. As this handsome premium is intended solely to secure **NEW SUBSCRIBERS,** we will **NOT SELL** but give it away, and the only way you can secure it is to send $1.00 for one year's subscription, when it will be sent you safely packed, postpaid.

REFERENCES: We have been so long before the public as enterprising publishers, that we are well known to all newspaper publishers, and no doubt to most of their readers. Any Bank, Merchant, Publisher or Express Agent in New York, Brooklyn or Philadelphia will vouch for our reliability. Address,

Mention what paper you saw Ad. in. **BLANCHARD & CO., Pub., Broadway Cor. Warren St., New York.**

POSITIVELY THE FIRST AND ONLY FILLED-GOLD

Engine-Case American Movement Watch

EVER SOLD FOR $8.75.

These watches are of the latest style, patterns and beautifully finished.

We have secured them, but there is only forty gross or 5760 Watches in this lot and we can't get any more after these are gone; at any where near the price we are selling them at. So if you want a reliable timekeeper, you should order at once.

We warrant these Watches to be American Movement, Expansion Balance, adjusted to four positions, and to run accurately. The cases are filled gold, beautifully engraved and **warranted Five Years** by the manufacturer. This Watch is a bargain of a lifetime, and you can sell them for half as much again, or for from $7.00 to $15.00 each. Stem Winders and Setters.

With each watch we send our Catalogue of Watches and Jewelry, and only ask as a favor that you show it with the Watch to purchase to your friends and acquaintances. We will send this Watch C. O. D. by Express upon approval if you send us $1.00 as a guarantee of good faith. If the Watch does not suit you need not take it. If it is the factory send us balance by Express. If full amount, $8.75, is sent with the order, we will include one of our special heavy Gold Plate Chains, which retails the world over for $1.00, and pay all charges. We refer to any newspaper publisher. Back or Express Co. in New York City. Remit money by Express, Post Office or Express Money Order, at our risk. Call or address

MORGAN & CO., 61 Murray St., New York.

Latest Fashion Phases.

There is nothing particularly new in costumes for children, especially in those for boys, but the Lionel tunic or blouse, which is a kind of compromise between a Norfolk and a sailor blouse, combines to some extent the elements of novelty and practical utility. The blouse is pleated throughout, but instead of being fastened to the throat, like a Norfolk tunic, the fronts are turned back with revers over a vest to match.

As a rule, the pleated blouse and short knickerbockers are of navy-blue serge, and the revers, vest, and cuffs of white serge, with a little red or blue silk coral stitching at the edge. The costume is useful, and suitable for boys between five and eight years of age, and is a change from the much worn sailor blouse.

Outdoor paletots for boys of this age are usually made of fancy cloth in small checkers, with double-breasted fronts, a deep cape covering and protecting the shoulders and chest, and as many pockets as the size of the garment will permit.

Smaller boys, from two to five years, wear more fanciful coats. One is made of plain cloth, and is double-breasted, and ornamented with two rows of fancy buttons. The skirt is joined on, as in a frock-coat, and large pocket flaps cover the pockets on each side. At the top is a triple cape and turned-down collar and revers. A little frill of embroidery or lace is sewn in on the left side of the opening, but this may easily be dispensed with.

Coats for baby boys of two or three are made of plain cloth, thick silk, or velvet, and are trimmed with sealskin or otter fur. A capital model of one of these little par-dessus is in dark tan cloth, with open fur-trimmed fronts, showing a plain, straight plastron of tan faille. The fur trimmings form a collar at the back, and the sleeves are finished off with fur cuffs.

A great deal of braid, especially fancy braid and galon, is used in trimming girls' autumn dresses. Embroidered bands are employed in the same way, but can always be replaced by the less costly fancy braids, which are also more suitable for everyday wear. The Edwyna costume is a representative model of one of these useful dresses.

The pleated skirt is trimmed front and back with three bands of embroidery. The full bodice is arranged at the top in groups of narrow tucks, divided by pointed tabs of embroidery. The sleeves have similar bands at the wrist and below the shoulder-puff, and the collar and waistband are also of embroidery.

It will be noticed that the band forms a small point in front, and is fastened at the back under a rosette. This dress, charming in voile or surah, with embroidery, is a thoroughly practical model for serge, cashmere, or any plain woollen, trimmed with galon or braid.

Another very useful dress for girls from eight to twelve or thirteen years old is the Hilda costume. This is made of any plain woollen with a very full skirt, mounted with a band of gauging, but arranged in pleats below the gauging. The bodice is full front and back, and mounted on a pleated yoke, each pleat of which is ornamented with coral stitching in black silk. A band, worked in the same way, covers the join between the bodice and the yoke, and the collar and wristbands are ornamented with the coral stitching.

The ganging of the skirt forms a slight point at the back, but the gauged point in front belongs to the bodice, which is bordered with a thick piping. The sleeves are gauged on the outside of the arm to form a puff at the shoulder. Fancy braid may very well be used in this dress for striping the yoke, and in place of the coral-stitched bands, wherever these occur.

The Gwenellen dress, is made of plain and embroidered cashmere. The pleated sides of the skirt are of the plain material; the front and back, mounted at the waist with gathers, are of embroidered cashmere. The front and back of the bodice are crossed with bands of embroidery, ending under the side-pieces, which are carried from the shoulder.

The waistband, collar, wristbands, and short jockey-sleeves are all embroidered, and the waistband is again fastened with a rosette. As in this last dress the whole of the embroidery may be replaced by braiding or by galon, a broad band of either above the hem of the skirt will be the best substitute for the embroidery edging the tablier and back breadths, with a narrower band above.

These dresses are made in styles that render them suitable for girls of all ages, and the fashions for children being founded on those for ladies, they follow them even in such details as the total abolition of steels and cushions. No well-made children's and girls' dresses have either steels or cushions; any fulness needed is given by the gathers of the skirt.

Plaids and tartans in gay colors, and in wool and silk, are very fashionable for children's autumn wear. Complete costumes are made of gaily colored woollen tartans, with the sash, collar, and cuffs of silk in the prevailing color of the tartan, or with a waistband and other ornaments of black velvet, which helps to tone down the bright colors of the plaid.

The dresses are simply made with plain skirts, or with skirts flounced to the waist, with blouse bodies gauged at the neck and waist. The Edwyna costume would look very well in one of these woollen tartans, with trimmings of black velvet arranged precisely like those in the illustration.

As a matter of course, plaid and tartan ribbons are used for trimming the hats that are worn with these dresses.

Plain woollens, with striped or chequered borders, make admirable dresses for young girls over thirteen; they are made up in the same way as similar materials are for older wearers. The skirt is either quite plain or draped a little at the waist on each side, and the bodice is trimmed with revers and other ornaments of the bordering.

Very neat costumes for young girls are also made of striped woollens; these have a plain under-skirt and full plain over-skirt mounted with pleats, and caught up a little on one side from the waist, and bordered above the hem with a band of black velvet, black faille, or black watered silk. The bodice is pointed in front with full draperies from the shoulders, opening over a narrow black plastron, matching the trimming on the skirt, and ending in a point at the waist.

The back can be arranged in the same way, or made full in the centre, with a point of the black material on each side of it from the shoulder. The fulness is drawn in with gauging at the waist, and ends in a rounded basque. The plain sleeves have black bands at the wrist only, or at the wrist and elbow, and the collar is also black.

Paletots for little girls are made of navy-blue cloth and serge, fastened with large white metal buttons. The paletots are three quarter length, and the backs are plain, the centre seam being open a little at the edge. There is a turned-down collar, and a revers on the right side only, ending a little above the waist, where the four buttons that fasten the paletot in the centre, but not to the edge, begin.

The sleeves are in the fashionable shape, rather full, and mounted on wristbands. Another nice little model is a double-breasted three quarter length paletot of copper-colored cloth. The back is plain, and open at the edge in the centre; the fronts open a little at the neck, where the ends of the large sailor-collar meet, and are fastened with a short double row of buttons, the paletot being unfastened at the lower part. Pockets with pocket flaps are placed on the skirt on each side, and the sleeves are in plain coat shape.

Odds and Ends.

SOME GOOD MUTTON AND OTHER DISHES.

Roast Mutton Hashed.—Remove all tendons and skin from some cold roast mutton, and cut it up very small, with baked chestnuts or cooked potatoes. Then place a stewpan over a moderate fire, put into it some butter and flour; mix them well, and allow them to become brown. Then put the minced materials into the pan, and fry them all together; afterwards season with salt and pepper, and add some gravy or stock broth, and let them simmer over a gentle fire for one hour. Now add a piece of butter the size of an egg, and serve with poached eggs, garnished with crust of bread cut small.

Roast Mutton Hashed with Herbs.—Cut up into small pieces six mushrooms, the same number of shalots, a handful of parsley, and a pinch of tarragon, and mix with some minced roast mutton; then dress the materials in the manner directed above.

Mutton Chops Grilled.—Melt a little butter in a pan with some of the herbs usually employed for seasoning, and which have been chopped up as small as possible. Cover the mutton chops with the melted butter, and then sprinkle breadcrumbs over them as quickly as possible. The chops are now to be grilled over a good fire, care being taken that the breadcrumbs do not burn, and that the meat is not too much done. If it should be preferred, oil may be used for this purpose instead of butter. This dish is usually sent to table without sauce.

Shoulder of Mutton with Rice.—Boil a shoulder of mutton in stock broth with onions, carrots, parsnip, parsley, thyme, and other herbs; season with salt, pepper, and cloves. Then cook a quarter of a pound of rice in the fluid in which the meat was boiled, taking care not to add too much, so that the rice, when ready, shall be thick. Color the rice with burnt sugar (caramel). Now place the shoulder of mutton on a dish, and pour the rice over it. Sprinkle over the surface of the rice with grated cheese. Place a hot cover over the dish, and place some hot coiders over it to brown the surface of the rice. If the rice should not be browned sufficiently by this means, serve it up with tomato sauce.

Shoulder of Mutton with Sausage-meat.—Take away the bones and stretch out the meat as much as possible, spread some sausage-meat over it, and then sprinkle with small cucumbers and mushrooms cut up small. Then put more sausage-meat over it, roll the meat up as tightly as possible and tie it up in a white cloth. Place the meat in a pan with stock broth, seasoning herbs, carrots, onions, salt, pepper, and cloves, and simmer the whole until the meat is sufficiently done. Then remove the meat, skim off the fat, and boil down the liquid if necessary to a proper consistence, and add some *jus* or the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and pour it over the shoulder of mutton before sending it to table.

Roast Mutton Minced.—Expose to heat in a stewpan over the fire a spoonful of flour and butter until it turns brown. Put into it some minced roast mutton, and add some stock broth, salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and simmer them for one hour. Before removing the pan from the fire, mix with its contents a spoonful of the butter of anchovies, or the same quantity of fine salad oil.

Fried Minced Meat Balls.—Take some roast mutton, some chestnuts, and neck of veal boiled in water with salt and vinegar. Cut them up separately into small pieces, mix them with seasoning herbs also cut as fine as possible. Add enough salt and pepper to season the materials, and make them into a mass with the yolks of three eggs. Roll this into balls, and fry in butter until done, and then serve them at table with tomato sauce.

Roast Lamb.—Take a quarter of lamb—the fore-quarter being the best for the purpose, as it is most delicate—and fasten some slices of bacon by skewers to the outer side. Cover the inner surface with butter, and sprinkle some bread-crumbs over it. Season the meat with pepper, salt, and parsley cut in very small pieces. The meat is then to be wrapped up in a large sheet of paper, to prevent its being scorched by the heat, and put it before the fire to roast. When the meat is three parts done remove it from the fire, and apply more bread-crumbs to the inside of the meat, then put it down again before the fire until brown. The meat should be sent to table moistened with the juice of a lemon squeezed over it.

Shoulder of Lamb with Truffles.—Remove the bones from two shoulders of lamb, and season the inner surface with salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg; and also add some truffles cut in pieces. Place the shoulders of lamb one on the other, and make them into the shape of a flattened ball. Tie the meat with string to keep it in position, and place it in a stewpan, at the bottom of which some slices of bacon and veal have been previously arranged; add also some carrots, onions, seasoning herbs, salt and pepper, with a sufficient quantity of stock broth. Place the lid on the stewpan, and allow it to simmer over a gentle fire for two hours. When done, take out the meat, remove the string with which it was tied, and arrange it on a dish. Afterwards boil down the liquid in the stewpan to the consistence of a sauce, and pour it over the meat.

A CASH TRANSACTION.—A train in Arizona was boarded by robbers, who began immediately to search the luckless passengers. One of them happened to be a Hebrew commercial-traveller from New York, who, when his turn came, with fear and reluctance fished out two hundred dollars, afterwards rapidly taking four dollars from the pile and placing them in his vest-pocket. "What do you mean by that?" asked one of the robbers, as he toyed with his revolver. Hurriedly came the answer, "Mine frent, you surely vould not refuse me a two-per-sent. discount on a strictly cash transaction like dis?" He got the discount.

"Well, doctor, how did you enjoy your African journey? How did you like the savages?"

"Oh, they are very kind-hearted people; they wanted to keep me there for dinner."

Confidential Correspondents.

ESTELLA.—You are very young yet, and age is a sovereign balm for discontent.

INQUIRER.—Though Milton was unhappy with his first wife, and acquired the reputation of being a misogynist or woman hater, he yet married twice subsequently—three times in all.

ENI'S.—Man does not acquire his complete growth until he has completed his twenty-third year; he attains his maximum weight at forty years of age, and after reaching his sixtieth year begins to waste sensibly.

REX.—The highest mountain in the United States proper is Mount Whitney, of the Sierra Nevada Range, which is 14 887 feet high. The highest peak of the entire Rocky Mountain Range is Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, 17 500 feet high.

ACTON.—It has always been the custom, and a very honored one, for the cavalier to pay for any refreshments taken by the lady of his love when they are out together; let us hope that the overslight is not occasioned by meanness, but by a mistaken delicacy.

PARTY.—"No Man's Land" is a narrow strip of territory west of the one hundredth meridian, ceded by Texas to the United States and usually classed with Indian Territory, although not formerly annexed to it or any other State or Territory by any act of Congress.

P. W. E. W.—The handles of walking sticks are, in some instances, made by bending the wood by means of heat. To do this it is necessary to have special tools and appliances. You had better take your cane to a waking stick maker, and have it made up for you.

NOSTRESI.—If your cornet is not particularly dirty, you can clean it by blowing a small piece of moist sponge through it. You must be careful, however, or the sponge may stick in the instrument. To keep the valves in working order, take out the springs and clean them.

TEACHER.—Sound-blindness is a new word used to indicate a certain defect in the hearing. To persons affected with sound-blindness the pronunciation of some words sound differently from what they do to other people, just as colors appear differently to the color-blind.

ESTHER B.—Hoarseness coming on at the age of sixteen is very likely to be the result of some chest or throat affection. Consult a medical practitioner. It is not very likely to be a mere change of voice. That generally takes the form of a change of key rather than "hoarseness."

BRENNI.—Aerated bread cannot be made without an elaborate and expensive apparatus, as the process consists in forcing carbonic anhydride gas into the dough, which expands or rises in consequence of the diminution of pressure resulting from its removal from the vessel to which the gas was forced into it.

ROUTLEDGE.—The Bible fails to enlighten us on the subject of the wife of Cain when he went into the land of Nod. This locality has never been settled upon, and commentators of Holy Writ have concluded that the title probably designates no particular place, and might be literally rendered (with reference to the doom of Cain) the land of wandering, eastward of Eden.

E. S. C.—Swedenborg was essentially a mystic. He professed to see in the revealed Word of God an inner spiritual sense not shown to common minds; in fact, not revealed in other Churches—only to himself and his followers. He was equally a dreamer, for he saw visions and had other spiritual manifestations, &c., in 1745 of which you will find accounts in his numerous works. No man can be a thorough Swedenborgian without believing in Spiritualism.

LADY.—To color photographs the best water colors and the first quality of sable brushes are needed. Previous to coloring, the photograph should be cleaned with a piece of india-rubber, in order to free it from grease; it must be rubbed with a gentle hand, for if the albumen is removed the colors cannot be laid on. In doing this kind of work amateurs are too fond of using color; a pale wash is all that is usually necessary. The first wash should always be dry before the second is applied.

SUSANNAH.—In mythology, Proserpine, gathering flowers in the vale of Tempe, was seized on by Pluto, King of Hades (called also Aideos or Dis), and carried away to be his wife and queen, symbolically this teaches the decline of Earth's fertility and the reign of Winter; thus "St. Luke's Summer" in late Autumn properly gives rise to the thought, that the very moment when life is sweetest and best appreciated the Spoiler comes; that is, we die at the supreme moment—nearest draweth Dis.

MARINE.—This correspondent wants to know how the revolving shaft of a screw steamer works without admitting water, and how it (the screw, we suppose, he means) is kept from rusting. —The aperture through which the shaft issues is entirely filled by the shaft, and at the outer end is filled with a stuffing. As to the screw not rusting, it does rust when the steamer is brought into the dry docks. The friction of the water, however, when it is set to work again soon causes the rust to come off.

INQUIRER.—It is stated that the origin of the phrase, "When you go to Rome, do as the Romans do," arose from a saying of St. Ambrose. There was a diversity of opinion as to the observance of Saturday. The people of Milan made it a feast; the Romans a fast. St. Ambrose being asked what should be done in such a case replied "In matters of indifference it is better to be guided by the general usage. When I am at Milan I do as they do at Milan; but when I go to Rome I do as Rome does."

S. V.—Physiognomists assert that a sharp indentation immediately above the chin shows good understanding; a pointed chin is a sign of craftiness, wisdom, and discretion; a soft, flat, double chin shows epicurism and love of pleasures of all sorts; it also indicates an indolent temperament; a flat chin shows a cold, hard nature; a small chin denotes weakness, want of will power and cowardice; a retreating chin is a sign of silliness, and, if the brow is shallow, of imbecility; a round chin, with a dimple in it, denotes kindness and benevolence, a tender and unselfish nature. In a very massive double chin the dimple increases the quality of love of pleasures. A square and massive chin shows strong perseverance and determined will.